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THE MAULIFFE-DALY MILL

THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1889.

VOLUME LV.—No. 642.
Price Ten Cents.



SHE USED A COWHIDE.
JOHN HARTNETT, OF THE QUAKER CITY, IS PUBLICLY HORSEWHIPPED BY HIS JEALOUS WIFE.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1889.

ATTENTION! READ THIS!

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

The cold, nipping breezes are here and old Boreas is once again beginning to whoop himself. Now is the time when the whole congregation should doff their gauzes and don flannels suitable for the weather. Judging by some of the stories told in this week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE, of the hilarity of the gay and festive bigamist throughout the land, heavy flannels are not thick enough for them. Straight-jackets, lined with cat-teasers, would about fill the bill.

On another page will be found a full report of the recent encounter between Jack McAuliffe and Mike Daly in Boston. The contest was a spirited one from beginning to end, and terminated in a draw. Great things are expected of the Yankee lad in the future, and the recent exhibition proves that he is well able to take care of himself. Those who witnessed the fight, however, intimate that while he may be able to take care of himself, he is scarcely able to take care of McAuliffe. Time will tell.

Two Cincinnati ladies recently corralled the cruller, won the Washington pie and grabbed the gundrop. Indeed, they owned the whole bakery and confectionary for awhile. Jealousy was the cause of the slugging match, which occurred in a local doughnut foundry. The ladies had a real pleasant scrap for several or more minutes, and when they were finally assuaged from each other's works there was hair in the pie and vice versa. If this sort of thing continues we'll have to ask Congress to pass a law recognizing Women's Rights—and lofts.

DARING highwaymen recently had considerable fun with the crew and passengers on a Texas train. They jovially threw the engineer and fireman bodily from the engine, and then ventilated the sides of the cars and passengers by means of their little Winchester, with the use of which they were adepts. Then they borrowed \$50,000 of the express company and went out into the woods to have a picnic. These little eccentricities of gentlemen of the road are becoming monotonously frequent, and they open up a new line of thought. If railroads could be provided with peanut boys and porters lined with dynamite, a new line of thought might be opened up through the train robbers, while, at the same time, the peanut boy and porters needn't be wasted.

THE POLICE GAZETTE is a peace-loving, law-abiding institution, but we fear very much that we'll have to announce ourself as in favor of a law authorizing the carrying of concealed weapons. The reason for this seemingly blood-thirsty announcement is—"McGinty." Nearly every lunatic one meets on the street startles one with an alleged important assertion, and, on cross-examination, he yells, "McGinty," and then dances about and guffaws until the top of his head resembles an uncovered coal-hole. There'll be a riot in town unless down-brakes are called on this species of idiocy. And that reminds us. Are the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE aware of the fact that one of the greatest sporting celebrities of the day is at present in this country?

"Who?"
McGinty.

MASKS AND FACES

Music in Manhattan—Damrosch, Thomas, Seidl.

SHARPS AND FLATS.

Patti, Lind, Nilsson—Lilli Lehman's Lager Beer.

ANECDOTES, CROCHETS, QUAVERS.

There is lots of music in the air of Gotham just now.

There are no organ-grinders, it's true, but Dam-



rosch, Seidl and Thomas are at their winter work again.

And as Bats, the dime-novel reading messenger boy of my district, passes in front of my window and softly whistles to himself "Down Went McGinty," I think I may just as well write about music and musicians in Gotham as about anything else.

The fiddlers scratch, the cellists toss their shaggy hair, the pianists pound the ivories, the flutists puff out their fat cheeks, the oboists distort their beery faces, the tenors howl, the contraltos dive down and the sopranos soar with renewed energy.

When the weather gets cold, musicians wax hot. Let us take them on the fly and draw their pen pictures.

Theodore Thomas has a bald spot on his head, a frock coat fashioned expressly to hide his growing paunch, an awkward bow and a foreign accent. He likes the good things of the table and has been known to hold a train when on the road in order to finish a bologna or dispatch a basenbraten. His right-hand man is Sachleben. His first violin is Max Bendix. Thomas hates interviewers, is bluff and brusque in manner, and has, on more than one occasion, stopped his orchestra because a couple of chattering women talked while he directed.

Anton Seidl is well-built, well-dressed and medium-sized. He doesn't speak our language and hates ice water. His drink is beer, and plenty of it. He keeps late hours and a good table. Clifford Schmidt, violinist, is his caddy. The cravats of Seidl are large and flowing, and so are his locks. He always wears a high hat and a lorgnette. Thomas doesn't like Seidl and Seidl doesn't like Thomas.

In fact, looking at the personal relations of these masters of harmony in Gotham, reminds me of a scene in an old play.

You remember the scene in that piece of Moliere's where the master of fencing, the master of philosophy and the master of harmony happen to meet and begin to fight over the superiority each of his own calling. The master of harmony on that occasion, you'll remember, fought as hard as the others.

I've seen more musicians grow mad and red in the face over Wagner and Verdi, while they drank beer and ate cheese after the opera.

The Italians hate the Germans, the Germans hate the Italians and the French, and the French hate all but themselves.

That's the situation in a nutshell. Gilmore may get up twenty peace jubilees, and yet he can't bring these inharmonious harmonists into anything like quiet.

Many is the time I've heard devotees of Chopin, Schubert, Shuman scatter such words as "Schwein," "Esel," "Dummkopf" and other uncomplimentary epithets into their post-operative conversation when speaking of the interpretations of their colleagues.

Walter Damrosch, still in the twenties, is the youngest of our classical leaders. He is of middle height, slight and blonde. He wears his hair back, and sentiment on his upper lip instead of a mustache. He bows his acknowledgments on the slightest provocation, and is popular with young women. Danaeuther is his pet violinist.

I need not add that Damrosch does not like Seidl and has no use for Thomas.

In fact one of the most amusing features of the testimonial concert given in honor of Max Maretzek last year was the fact that behind the scenes Damrosch, Seidl, Thomas and Neudorff, each of whom conduct-

ed the orchestra in turn, didn't speak as they passed by, but remained intrenched in their respective rooms.

Music, supposed by the poet to have charms to soothe the savage breast, does not seem to penetrate the white shirt fronts of our operatic conductors.

Don't for a moment suppose that the pianists, so sentimental in theory, so practical in every-day life, like each other any better.

Joseffy, short and fat, does not rave over Anserge, tall and lank, and Lambert finds many faults with Aus Der Ohe.

And the violinists, Sam Franko, Nathan Franko, Leopold Lichtenberg, are quite as pettishly severe upon one another as the pianists.

Listen to them, and Sarasate, Wilhelm Remenyi, Musin, ought to go to their school and get points.

The cellists, Hartdegen, Schenk, Herbert, are quite as critical of their colleagues as the pianists and the violinists.

And so through the list, from Bernstein, who beats the cymbals, to the dumpy fellow that blows the trombone.

But it is when we come to consider the divas of the opera, the great women singers, that we come across incarnations of jealous and venomous specimens of humanity.

Lilli Lehmann had about as much love for Marianne Brandt as Jenny Lind had for Adelaide Neilson.

Jenny Lind and Adelaide Neilson were for some time next door neighbors in Morton Gardens, Brompton Road, London. The singer, who was a great stickler for the conventions of society, could never bear the beautiful and impulsive actress. When, on reception days, carriages rolled up to Adelaide Neilson's door, and fashionable men-about-town mounted her steps, Jenny Lind was always in a temper. "That creature," she would exclaim disdainfully, standing at the window and looking out, "that creature is holding one of her levees again!"

Max Maretzek is a good man to interview on the old timers. His anecdotes throw hand-fuls of light on the beginnings and histories of some of the great singers. "The first time I saw Patti," said he to me one day, "was when she was three years old. She came now and then to concerts where her mother sang. I remember one day when 'Norma' was played. Patti Barilli sang Norma, Amalia Patti sang Adal-gesa and little Adeline Patti sang one of the babies. Five or six years later, when Jenny Lind was all the rage, Adeline knew almost all her songs. One day I had a rehearsal for a concert in Tupler Hall, where the Grand Central Hotel now stands. I suggested to Patti Barilli to let little Adeline sing a few songs of Jenny Lind's. She overheard me. 'Will I get a hatful of bonbons if I go on and sing, Mr. Max?' 'Yes,' said I. When the evening of the concert came and the time for little Adeline to go on arrived, I had forgotten all about the bonbons. The girl had not forgotten them. 'Where are my candies, Mr. Max?' I said I had forgotten them. I would give them to her the next day. No, she wouldn't go on without those bonbons. I was in despair. The candy stores were all closed. Finally I ran to a neighboring hotel, where the pastry cook gave me some of the sweets that were as necessary then to make Patti go on and sing as cheques proved necessary in later years. I returned, and Adeline took the candies. 'Hold them for me, mamma,' said she, and on she went and sang. This was in 1833, and I think this was Adeline Patti's first appearance."

If Patti was thus early fond of candy as she later became of Nicolini and cheques, Lilli Lehman is fond of Kalisch and beer. I have often seen a maid hasten to a beer room in the neighborhood of the Metropolitan with a big pitcher in her hand, have it filled with foaming lager and then take it to the hotel where the massive prima donna eats, drinks and sleeps.

Those leather-lunged, big-chested and beery interpreters of Wagner need all the sustenance they can get, and they generally get it.

Christine Nilsson, unlike Lehman, put on airs about her food. On one occasion, however, she had to take what she could get. "When Nilsson was in this country," said Maretzek, "under the management of Max Strakosch, and I was musical conductor, we travelled from Cincinnati to Buffalo. On the road, about half way, I got out and bought a big sausage and a loaf of rye bread, and when the train moved again I began to eat it with quiet relish. Nilsson, who sat almost directly opposite, turned around with a grimace of disgust on her face. 'Who is eating garlic, or sausage, or something?' she asked bitterly. 'Bah!' And out she took three or four facons and sprinkled the perfume all over the car. 'Couldn't you wait till we got to Buffalo. Must you buy such awful stuff? You knew Strakosch has ordered dinner at Buffalo, but you couldn't wait. You had to buy that awful sausage and make me sick!' Nilsson continued in this strain for a

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short time. I put the rest of my sausage into my pocket. I apologized. I felt rather sheepish. Now, it happened that just as we were a few hours from Buffalo a freight train broke down, and we were hemmed in. Everybody was excited. We would be late. We were hungry. At about 10 o'clock I fell asleep. I had eaten and was comfortable. The others were not. At about 2 o'clock in the morning I felt a touch on my arm. I rubbed my eyes, stretched.

"Who is it? What's the matter?"
"Hush! it's I, Max. It's Christine. Say, Max, I'm awfully hungry. 'J'ai diablement faim!' Can't you let me have that bit of sausage I saw you put into your pocket yesterday? Do let me have it, Max!"

I won't speak of the orchestra leaders at our metropolitan theatres.

The most artistic of them are Neyer, at the Broadway, and Widmer, at Daly's.

I could give you a lot of more points on the musicians of Manhattan.

The facile Hasselbrink, most genial of violinists, is no longer here, but Walter, and Agramonte, and Klein, and Mallon, and lots of others who talk in beer rooms with fluent incorrectness and in exotic accents, are here.

The hates, the loves, the jealousies, the whims of these people would have made Balzac or Thackeray rub his hands and sharpen his pen.

But I couldn't write at this moment if I would. Strange sounds come from the street below.

I go to the window and there I see what Austin Dobson is reported to have seen, and I say what he said:

He stands at the curb and sings—
'Tis a doleful tune and slow.
Ah me, if I had but wings!

He bends to the curb one fling
But he never attempts to go.
He stands at the curb and sings.

The conjurer comes with his rings,
And the Punch-and-Judy show.
Ah me, if I had but wings!

They pass like all fugitive things—
They fade and they pass, but not
He stands at the curb and sings.

All the magic that Music brings
Is lost when he mangles it so.
Ah me, if I had but wings!

But the worst is a thought that stings
I haven't a boot-jack to throw!
He stands at the curb and sings,
Ah me, if I had but wings!

LEW ROSEN.

FEASTING FOR THE DEAD.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Dr. Lewis Meisberger recently died at his home in Buffalo, N. Y.

He was a leading member of the Society of Free Thinkers, and the features of his will were most peculiar. By it his body is to be incinerated at the crematory, and the greater part of a moderate fortune is divided among local charities. But a codicil added six months ago was most singular. It devoted \$500 to a funeral feast for his friends, to be spread at the saloon of William Jaeger, No. 9 Genesee street.

The feast was partaken of a few days ago by about two hundred people, who enjoyed the repast. A band was in attendance.

SHE WAS BURNING.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Guests at the Palmer House, Chicago, were startled recently at hearing a woman's voice crying "Fire!" On the fifth floor a beautiful young lady was dashing through the halls wrapped in flames. A blanket was thrown over her and the flames were extinguished, but not until the lady was horribly burned. When a doctor arrived she was unconscious. When she found that there was a possibility of her dying, she said:

"I registered as Mrs. Perkins, of Omaha. That is a fictitious name. I am not legally married, but am morally married to one of the most extensive speculators on the Chicago Board of Trade. Now if I die he will be the only soul who will know who 'Mrs. Perkins' is."

THEY SHOT FOR KEEPS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

They had a nice little shooting scrape in Silver Cliff, near Canon City, Col., recently. Several of the miners had a quarrel among themselves, Superintendent Archer, Harvey Waterhouse and Joe Parker being the chief belligerents. All were armed, and used their guns with effect. Waterhouse and Parker were seriously injured, and Archer was wounded in the arm.

SHOT BY HIS SWEETHEART.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Charles Witte, a young fireman on the Pittsburgh, Virginia and Charleston Railroad, was recently shot and instantly killed by the accidental discharge of a revolver in the hands of Miss Josephine Welsh, of West Elizabeth, Pa. The young couple were engaged to be married soon, and Miss Welsh is crazed with grief over the accident.

WINSOME CHARLES WYNDHAM.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Charles Wyndham, whose portrait will be found elsewhere on our pages this week, is the well-known actor and manager of the Criterion, London, now in the United States under the management of A. M. Palmer. His delicate art and varied talents have made him many friends in the metropolis.

SAUCY MARY STUART.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mary Stuart, whose attractive face graces our theatrical portrait gallery this week, will shortly appear among the beauties of the London Theatre Gaiety Company, in this city. Miss Stuart has a trim figure and a contralto voice of remarkable timbre.

SUICIDED FOR LOVE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Cleo Nelson, a beautiful young lady living at 507 Central Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio, recently committed suicide by shooting herself. It is supposed that the tragedy was caused by a love affair. Miss Nelson formerly lived in Louisville, Ky.

Send for our New Holiday Catalogue of Handsome and Useful Articles for Holiday Presents. All the goods in this catalogue are at the lowest New York prices.

RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

A BREEZY WEEK.

The Cool Weather Makes Things Lively.

MANY BIGAMOUS CITIZENS.

They Go Around Among Their Neighbors for Wives,

AND GET THEM EVERY TRIP.

Amorous Girls, too, Seek Additional Partners.

INNUMERABLE SUB ROSA WOOLINGS.

Some men drink tanglefoot because they are hot, others because they are cold. Some indulge because they are wet and some because they are dry. Others take a hack at it because they are not feeling good, while still others because they are feeling bang up. I am going to draw a simile if I can get at it. Poor weather appears to have a depressing effect upon some of our citizens, and they immediately go out and raise thunder with everybody they stack up against or can hunt up. In my last sermon I told how people all over the footstool had been starting a little infernal region all around the preserve, and I attributed the exhibition of hilarity to



BIGAMOUS ANNA GRABBED.

the fact that somebody had pulled the bunghole out of the sky and given us a week's wet. This week I am compelled to record the fact that the cold, nipping, eager, earnest, nose-painting weather has had the same effect, and that our neighbors have again been raising the devil generally.

Here beginneth the first lesson:

A BIGAMOUS HARRISBURG, PA., BELLE.

Pretty Anna Lukens, of Harrisburg, Pa., has got herself into dead loads of trouble because of her amorousness. She has done no less than hooked two husbands, the bait used being a plump figure, laughing eyes and a whole barrelful of winning ways. Some time ago Anna met and fell up to her ears in love with Edward Cooper, a young Philadelphia tooth-carpenter, and they had a real jolly time together. Anna at that time resided in Philadelphia, although she had formerly lived in Harrisburg. While Cooper was attending to his business the coy Anna came across a young and wealthy baker named Henry Amme. As Cooper didn't whoop things lively enough, and at that time there is no proof that he intended marriage, Anna and Henry were wedded.

The course of their love, after a while, struck a snag, and they finally determined to separate, which they did. Then Anna and Edward met again and, after a brief courtship, they braced a minister and were joined together in the holy bonds of padlock. Things progressed quite cleverly for a time, when, one day, as Anna was walking along Chestnut street, Philadelphia, a big, fat policeman became attached to her, and the attachment was only severed when the fickle girl had been landed in the bastille, a charge of bigamy having been preferred against her by the jealous and exasperated doughhead. Anna was finally released, and she returned to Harrisburg, where she resides with Hubby No. 2, the Knight of the Forceps.

The case is now in a delightful state, as Anna has begun suits for slander against several parties, who are alleged to have said some awful things about her.

Both Harrisburg and Philadelphia are awaiting spicy developments when the several cases come to trial.

A PASSAIC, N. J., CITIZEN'S COVETOUSNESS.

Henry Ringleberg, of Passaic, N. J., has set all that town talking about him. For pure, unadulterated, unalloyed awfulness Ringleberg is entitled to a record of a hundred out of a possible ninety-nine. He has been and gone and done an ignoble act, and this is the way the story runs. Ringleberg is a well-to-do German of Passaic, having been enabled to lay up a few dollars for umbrella weather by strict attention to business as coachman for Jacob Basch, the millionaire

proprietor of the Passaic Woolen Mills. About two years ago a forty-year-old widow, Mrs. Euler by name, attracted the attention of the susceptible German, and he wooed and won her. Mrs. Euler had a pretty, buxom, enticing little daughter, well developed for her age, which was sweet sixteen, and they all went to live under the same roof.

About two months ago Lizzie returned from a visit to friends at a distance from Passaic. The girl had been improved by her outing, looking plumper and rosier than before, although she had always been comely. Ringleberg was impressed by Lizzie's womanly development, and made no concealment of his admiration. It soon grew more than stepfatherly in its warmth, and Ringleberg began an open courtship of Lizzie in the presence of the mother and wife.

More unnatural even than Ringleberg's conduct was that of Lizzie, who reciprocated his attentions. Mrs. Ringleberg soon became convinced that they wished to drive her away in disgust, and she determined to stick it out.

Thwarted in their scheme of freezing out the old



MOTHER WAS MAD.

lady, Ringleberg and his stepdaughter resolved on a bolder game. They played it last Sunday by going to the neighboring village of Carlstadt, where they induced the Rev. F. Kern, pastor of the Lutheran Church, to pronounce them man and wife. That night Ringleberg and his seventeen-year-old stepdaughter and bride went home and, calmly presenting themselves before Mrs. Ringleberg, asked for congratulations on the wedding.

Mrs. Ringleberg greeted the news and the couple with a chair brandished in a way that meant business, and the couple were driven from the house. Ringleberg is now in danger of being yanked up before Justice on a charge of bigamy.

A FRISKY CONNECTICUT BIGAMIST.

Change cars for New London, Stonington, Mystic, Sterling, Voluntown and all way stations.

That's exactly what William A. Watson, a wealthy Connecticutian has been doing recently. The last change he made was into the New London look-up. He took Mrs. Watson No. 2, who was formerly Miss Mary E. Loomis, with him, but they were not permitted to occupy the same cell.

The frisky Watson wasn't satisfied with one wife, but robbed some other fellow of a desirable helpmate by snatching two.

Away along in the heavy fall of 1870 Billy cast sheep's eyes at the pretty Hannah E. Whitman, and so they were married. They resided, presumably happily, together until about two months ago, when Mr. Watson dropped into Norwich, where he met Miss Loomis, whom he had been clandestinely courting. They went to Sterling together and were made one. Then they set up housekeeping in Stonington.

With all his cuteness there appears to have been a weak spot in Mr. Watson's knowledge-box, for he caused a notice of the fact of his second marriage to be published in a local paper. That settled his hash. Mrs. Watson No. 1 saw the "ad." and the result was that the fresh bride and the stale partner were scooped in on a charge of bigamy. The latest addition to the Watsonian household is about twenty-five years of age, and is decidedly comely. She claims to have been ig-

death bed. They had been engaged to be married for some time, when she became sick, and the physician said that she could not live. The Rev. Father J. A. Sullivan was summoned to the bedside, and married them in the presence of her father and mother. Mrs. Smith got well after the ceremony, and went to housekeeping with her husband. A year ago he deserted her and went to West Hoboken, where he made love to Miss Sarah Smith, a pretty silk weaver. In December, 1883, he took Miss Smith to the Rev. J. B. Taylor's house, and they were married. He told the minister he had never been married before. The minister's wife and daughter witnessed the ceremony.

The first Mrs. Smith heard of the marriage several months ago, but did not think of having her husband arrested until a week or so ago, when her friends urged her to do so. Smith had a hearing before Police Justice Stirling the next afternoon. He had nothing to say. The first Mrs. Smith told her story. The detectives presented written statements from the Rev. Father Sullivan that he had married Smith and Miss Connerly,

and from the Rev. Mr. Taylor that he had married Smith and Miss Sarah Smith. The latter was not in court. The Justice held Smith in default of \$5,000 bail for examination.

A SAD CASE IN OMAHA.

And now, after the exhilarating melange above presented to the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE, I feel assured that they will permit me to moralize a little. I drop into far away Omaha to record a tale of woe.

Left penniless, friendless and with a small child depending upon her for support, is the pitiable condition of young Mrs. Werts, who is now being cared for by philanthropic strangers at 1512 Davenport street, Omaha.

Four years ago in San Pedro, N. M., she married J. J. Werts, a railway clerk. At first their marriage was a happy one. A little boy came to bless their union, and had it not been for drink their life would have been a happy one. Werts lost his position, but managed to secure the agency of the Santa Fe Railway Company at San Antonio, Texas. Here he worked for two years. But his love for strong drink increased. His salary was quickly eaten up, and he became badly involved in debt. The next step downward was soon taken, and he became a fugitive from justice. He embezzled several hundred dollars of the railroad company's funds and left between two days. After several months hiding he managed to borrow enough from his parents in Waseca, Minn., to compromise the matter, and he was not prosecuted. He then took his wife and baby to Waseca for a short time, and from thence to St. Paul. While at St. Paul Mrs. Werts was compelled to work to pay her board and also that of her husband.

His bibulous proclivities continued to keep him in debt. He could not pay his bills, and finally his creditors became so pressing that he was compelled to leave St. Paul. He went to Omaha and secured a position at the Union Pacific headquarters as a clerk. This was two months ago. A month later he brought his wife on and they rented a room at 1512 Davenport street and began housekeeping. He received \$80 per month, and instead of applying this to his grocery and rent bills, he managed to put it under his vest in the shape of



CONFRONTED BY TWO WIVES.

norant of the existence of another Mrs. Watson, and the matter is being dissected in the Mystic court.

JERSEY CITY'S MATRIMONIAL MUDDLE.

Here's another case of woe. Jersey City is the victim. James Smith of 239 First street, Jersey City, was arrested recently, accused of having two wives. The complaint was made by the first wife, to whom he was married in July, 1887, on what both thought was her

distilled stuff. One day last week he got elevated and dusted.

In an interview with an Omaha World-Herald reporter, the grief-stricken girl-wife said:

"I did not think he would be so base as to leave me, especially without money. When he left he had considerable money, as he had refused to pay the grocery and meat bills. I want to get back to San Antonio, where I have friends, but how I am to do it I do not know. I stated my case to the chief of police and he has kindly promised to aid me all he can. The commissioners say that they can furnish me a pass for 500 miles only. I do

not know what I would do if I took their pass. I have no money to purchase food or shelter when I arrived at the end of that journey. I never worked as a domestic, but am willing to try, but if some one could



A BRUTAL ACT.

help me to reach my home they would confer a blessing on my little child and myself. My life has been a hard one, but I think if I can reach my friends in Texas or New Mexico I can make a living for myself and child."

Mrs. Werts is but 23 years of age and quite handsome, while her little boy is a handsome, manly looking little fellow. Her husband is 28 years of age, and has caused her all this trouble through his appetite for liquor.

A TROY, N. Y., SCANDAL.

Troy, N. Y., is at present enjoying a pretty little scandal, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Walworth, and a young man named James K. Verner being the parties to it. All hail from Brooklyn. Mrs. Walworth is a decidedly pretty woman, and she and Verner proceeded to Troy on the day in question and put up at a prominent hotel. They were followed by Mr. Walworth, who in some way or another had had his suspicions aroused. He secured an adjoining room to that occupied by Mrs. Walworth. What he heard and afterward saw when he walked into the room accompanied by his lawyer will be revealed later. Mrs. Walworth is said to have begged her husband's forgiveness, but Mr. Walworth immediately left the hotel, went to a police magistrate's office and procured warrants for their arrest, charging them with being disorderly persons.

Before the warrants could be served Verner and the woman had left on the 9 A. M. train for New York. Walworth followed later. Before he left he authorized Gerald G. Riordan, an attorney of Troy, to begin an action for divorce, and also a suit for \$20,000 damages against Verner. Verner is the secretary of the Pittsburgh Forge and Iron Company, and when in New York



SHE BEGGED HIS FORGIVENESS.

has a suite of rooms in the St. James Hotel. Walworth's wife, before she was married, was Miss Gussie A. Elliott, and was a resident of Brooklyn. They were married by the Rev. Dr. Hall four years ago, and have no children.

There is a State in the Union in which the whipping-post still thrives and is a menace to evil-doers. She is not in the far West, but is located in what we were taught, in our childhood's happy days, to term the Middle States. Her name is Delaware. What's the matter with crowding Delaware across the Big Muddy? TOMMY RATS.

GUNS FOR FOUR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Bailey Youngson, who has figured in several shooting scrapes, and who was charged with killing Mart Dugan over a year ago, had some trouble with Frank Cole. Both men belong in Leadville, Col. Recently as Youngson was walking down Harrison avenue, accompanied by Bart Dunley, he met Cole and Clarence Wolverton. Cole and Youngson pulled their revolvers and began firing at each other. The other men also drew their guns and took part in the battle, some twenty shots being fired. Dunley was shot through the heart and Cole was mortally wounded. Youngson and Wolverton have been arrested.

BORROWED A HORSE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Pretty Martha Dodd, alias Martha Troy, was recently juggled in Wilmington, O., on a charge of horse stealing. The female equine lifter hails from Jackson C. H. She stole a horse from Horace Smith, of Oakland, O., and took it to Jackson, O., where she was arrested. Martha will spend a few months in the Penitentiary studying architecture.

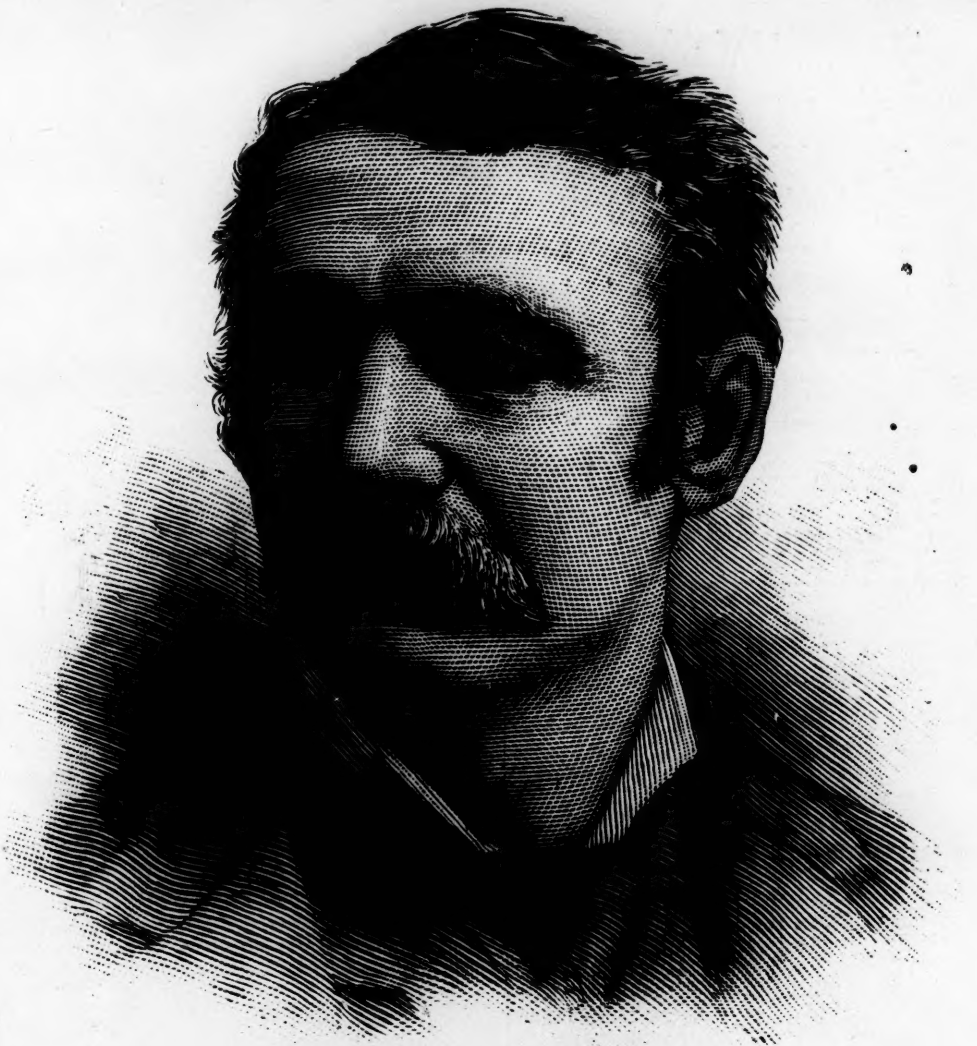
CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Professor J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.



SAUCY MARY STUART.

A CONTRALTO BEAUTY, WITH A FINE SHAPE AND PROMISING FUTURE.



WINSOME CHARLES WYNDHAM.

ONE OF LONDON'S STAGE FAVORITES, NOW TOURING THE UNITED STATES.



SHE CAME TO LIFE.

SARAH CASTER, AFTER LYING TWO HOURS IN A ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, MORGUE, SPITS UP AND USES COUSSE WORDS.



AN AUSTRALIAN CHIEF.

G. A. BOOKER, THE EFFICIENT AID OF THE ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA, METROPOLITAN FIRE BRIGADE.



AN OFFICE-HOLDING SPORT.

EDWARD HUGHES, MAYOR OF LOUISVILLE, KY., WHO IS AN ADMIRER OF JOHN L. SULLIVAN AND OTHER NOTED ENG 'UNS.



SHE WAS BURNING.

MRS. PERKINS IS DISCOVERED RUNNING THROUGH THE PALMER HOUSE, CHICAGO, ILL., ENVELOPED IN FLAMES AND IS DYING.



SHOT BY HIS SWEETHEART.

CHARLES WHITE, OF THE PITTSBURG, VIRGINIA AND CHARLESTON RAILROAD, ACCIDENTALLY KILLED BY MISS JOSEPHINE WELSH.



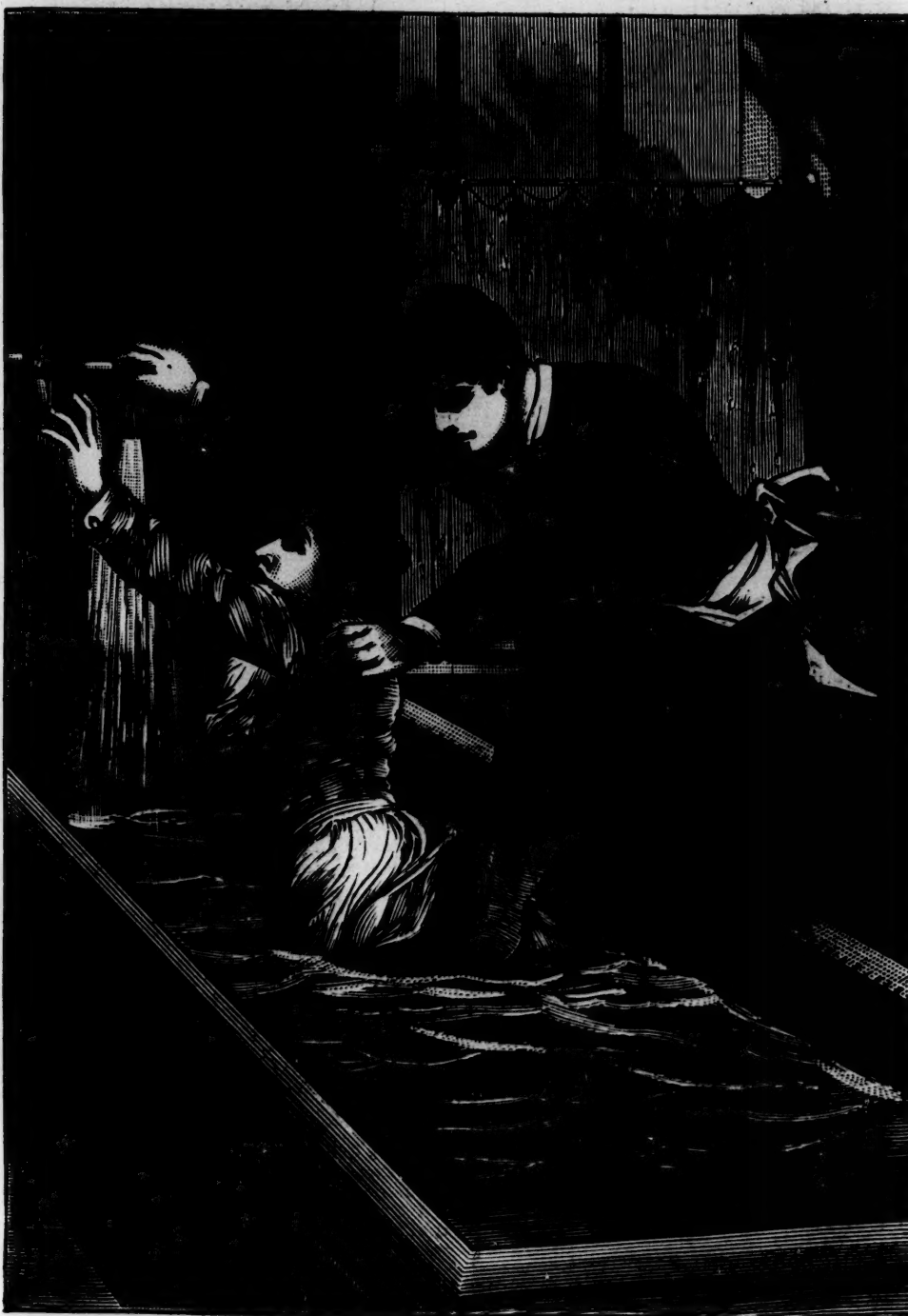
SHE BORROWED A HORSE.

MARTHA DODD, AFTER A LIVELY CHASE IS ARRESTED IN WILMINGTON, OHIO, AND SENT TO THE "PEN" FOR HORSE-STEALING.



GUNS FOR FOUR.

AN EARLY MORNING PICNIC ON A LEADVILLE, COLORADO, THOROUGHFARE IN WHICH A CORONER PARTICIPATED.



A DEVIL INCARNATE.

MRS. BENNETT DROWNS MRS. WOOD IN A BATH-TUB IN NORTH BOSCOUSEN, N. H., IN A MOST DELIBERATE MANNER.

HE OWNED THE CAMP.

A Lively Time in Michigan Lumber Camps.

SENEY BUG JUICE GETS THERE.

Rodney Vaughn and His Little Eccentricities Cause Trouble.

LUMBERMEN ROOSTING HIGH.

The Manistique, Mich., lumber men have been having an exceedingly lively time of it recently, and now a number of them go about the camps with a perceptible bulge in the region of their hip pockets and a fatness in the legs of their boots and in the neighborhood of their spinal columns suggestive of cutlery.

They had a neat and excitable scare about a week ago which they will probably remember until next season. There are hundreds upon hundreds of these lumbermen in that section, and for the most part they are a quiet, law-abiding class and as a general thing attend only to their own business. Once in a while,



AN AMATEUR DENTIST.

however, the style of bug-juice prevailing in that neighborhood gives some hot-blooded warrior an amateur case of the James Jams, and he breaks out in several spots and owns the camp until he is suppressed by being sat upon.

One of these war-whoopers broke loose last week, and the result was that Camp 16 and the adjoining section became possessed of a longing desire to hunt for the woods, and it is said that some of the "boys" are still making good time in the direction of Canada and New York.

Rodney Vaughn is the gentleman who thus stamped the camp, and now Rodney is being eagerly sought by his neighbors and acquaintances. On the day in question Rodney, having a little time and money to spare, escorted himself over to near-by Senev, where it is imagined that he had a delightful time, judging



HE WENT TO SENEY.

by his frisky behavior when he returned, if the reports in the local paper be worthy of belief. The frisky Rod is an employee of the Manistique Lumber Company, which is one of the largest in that part of the country. The before-mentioned Manistique newspaper is responsible for this record of the gentleman's doings on the fateful day when the rest of the camp roosted high and permitted him to have it all to his lonesome.

It relates that on the day in question Rodney left camp and went to Senev, leaving his wife behind. It is supposed that during his stay at Senev he indulged too freely in Senev budge. Before starting for Senev in the morning he threatened to kill his wife and two daughters, aged three and twelve years respectively, set the whole establishment on fire, and then kill himself. During his absence at Senev Mrs. Vaughn became greatly alarmed, and the foreman, Wm. Green, thought it advisable to station guards to watch Vaughn upon his return. But before the guards had taken their positions Vaughn returned, and, being suspicious of his wife, instead of going into the camp, he went behind the cook camp, and climbed upon the meat house, which affords a good opportunity for a general survey of the cookery.

The cook, Fred Briggs, thought he heard a noise at the back of the camp, he being engaged in washing the dishes. He looked up at the window and thought he saw Vaughn's face, but not being positive made no investigation. After finishing up his dishes he went from the cook camp into the office, in which he sleeps, a distance of thirty or forty feet. After he got to the office the foreman told him to go back and tell Mrs. Vaughn not to be afraid, as he was going to put a guard over the camp. Upon returning to the camp Briggs found all the lights extinguished save one, and that



A SURPRISE PARTY.

was turned quite low. The lady and her daughters had retired to their room.

As he entered the camp he thought he heard someone crawling about, and upon turning up the dim light he saw Vaughn crouched down behind the stove, trying to hide himself. At the sight of Vaughn he turned the light down and returned to the office. He had scarcely taken a seat in the office when a rifle ball came whizzing through the door from the cook camp, giving Wm. Green and his clerk a close call, passing through a rifle stock and embedding itself in the log wall behind. The report of the rifle caused alarm in the men's camp, and they all rushed out to ascertain what was up.

Foremost of the crowd was Tim Daly, who was the first to open the door of the cook camp, Ed. Black and



THE GUARDS ON DECK.

Wm. Green accompanying him. Upon opening the door Green asked the cause of the shooting. Vaughn commanded them to "get out of there," or he would "put a hole" in them. At this Green said "Let 'er come," when Vaughn cocked the rifle. The crowd suddenly dispersed, fleeing terror-stricken in all directions. One of the frightened men, Chas. Duval, ran behind a pine stump for safety, and upon seeing a man approaching, he supposed it to be Vaughn, and ran to a neighbor's house, bursting through the door and causing great consternation among the inmates.

During the excitement outside, Vaughn was not idle. He secured the doors and windows and evidently intended to hold the fort. Two guards, Wm. Campbell



HE OWNED THE CAMP.

and Geo. Gallagher, kept watch over the camp that night to see that he did not fire the building. Vaughn was heard walking the floor all night, and when it came time for breakfast, Vaughn prepared the meal and blew the horn for the men to come in. None came, as they weren't hungry just then, and he blew the horn a second time. At this juncture, Mr. Green advised the men

We would call the attention of our readers to the New French Race Game in our advertising columns. No Saloon, Club Room or Fair should be without this game. Will coin money. Sent by express to any address on receipt of \$15.00.

RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

to go to their breakfast. Very few of them went, however, fearing that the food had been poisoned. After the breakfast was over Vaughn packed his belongings and moved. From all accounts Vaughn's record isn't as spotless as the Beautiful Snow. On one occasion his eldest daughter was suffering with a severe attack of the toothache. Vaughn went to the blacksmith shop and ordered a pair of pinchers. Securing them he forced the girl to submit to an operation, and in his blind fury he pulled a sound tooth instead of a decayed one. He has also sworn he will kill several parties at Camp 16, and the camp talks of moving.

WOMEN WITH SWELLED ARMS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A female slugging match in a bakery is not in the general order of things, but, nevertheless, such was the case in Cincinnati recently. Mrs. Bittinger met her husband, who is a white-haired old man, talking to Mrs. Schopper in front of a butcher shop on Bank street. Mrs. Schopper suddenly recollected having business in another part of the city and rapidly disappeared, while Bittinger escaped by boarding a down town car. Later in the day Mrs. Bittinger met her rival in Stephens' bakery at 1017 Central avenue, and proceeded to do up Mrs. Schopper in the true pugilistic style, without gloves, at catch weights. For a few moments it looked as though Stephens had better double the insurance on his show cases and windows, but after Mrs. Bittinger, who is a much lighter woman, had pummeled Mrs. Schopper all over the shop, she retired from the store, much to the relief of the much-battered Mrs. Schopper.

HELD UP THE TRAIN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Fifteen masked men, armed with Winchesters and revolvers, recently boarded the southbound train on the Atchison road, at Berwin, Texas.

They cut the passenger cars off, and compelled the engineer to run down the track with the engine and baggage cars. When about two miles had been covered they stopped the train, threw off the engineer and fireman, and then ran on about two miles farther. They then demanded the messengers to open the express, which was refused. Then the robbers began a fusillade, the men in the car returning the fire, but were soon overwhelmed and surrendered. The train robbers then hunted through the car until they found bonds and cash to the amount of \$30,000. The robbers then escaped.

TRIED TO WIPE THEM ALL OUT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A few days ago Hugh Elliott went to the house of Carter Hayden, in Somerset, Ky., and proceeded to carve up five persons in the quickest possible manner. Elliott was jealous of his paramour, who, after having a quarrel with him, left him and with her mother, Mrs. Easter, went to live with the Hayden family. When Elliott learned where the women were he went there, and after a lively argument proceeded to revenge himself by first cutting Hayden's throat. He then tackled Mrs. Hayden in like manner. Not being satisfied he finished up his bloody job by slashing the throats of Mrs. Easter, her daughter and a boy named Robert Elliott. Three of the victims are not expected to live. The villain made good his escape. All the parties are colored.

TO SAVE THEIR LOVERS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

At Wooster, O., recently two young girls, Hattie Sang and Minnie Snyder, were arrested on a charge of burglary, and sent to jail. A few days previous two boys named Shaffer and Eakin were sentenced to the penitentiary for burglary. The property they stole has since been exhibited in the window of the store of David Nice, the man from whom it was stolen. Miss Sang and Miss Snyder were admirers of Shaffer. The girls went to Nice's store, broke the plate-glass window with a hatchet and took the stolen goods away. On their arrest the girls confessed, giving as the only motive for the crime that they "wanted to do something devilish."

A HORRIBLE DEATH.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Mariette Andrews, of Marshall, Tex., met with a horrible death recently at her brother's residence, that city. Miss Andrews had been heard moving about her apartments during the night, but when she failed to appear at the breakfast table her brother went to her room and knocked at the door, and upon receiving no response broke open the door. His sister was lying across the grate, dead, with her face and head burned to a crisp, and her ears, lips and breast almost burned away. It is supposed that Miss Andrews fell into the fire while in a faint.

A CLEVER TIPPLE-MIXER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

There are few, if any, better known among sporting men of Brooklyn than Col. Edward J. Trembly. Mr. Trembly, or "Colonel," as he is more familiarly known, is an expert manipulator of seductive cock-tails, etc. The "Colonel" is 42 years old, of which twenty-seven years have been spent in the precincts of the Eastern District of Brooklyn. During his career as a compounder of drinks he has acted as head bartender, general manager and proprietor. At present he presides at the palatial "Minden House," at the foot of Broadway.

SHE USED A COWHIDE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

John Hartnett, a prominent business man of Philadelphia, Pa., was recently horse-whipped by his wife on the street in front of his place of business, much to the amusement of a number of spectators.

Mr. Hartnett says his wife's action was prompted through jealousy.

"I had business recently that kept me out all night," said he, "and she became enraged at what she supposed to be infidelity."

Mrs. Hartnett is a handsome woman of middle age, and is of French-Canadian extraction.

A SKILLFUL BICYCLIST.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A. Joseph Henley, champion amateur bicyclist of Kansas, was born of Irish and Spanish parents in the city of St. Louis in 1839. At Kansas City, Sept. 27 and 28, 1889, he won two State championships. These were his first races. Oct. 4, 1889, at Topeka, Kas., he carried off another State championship. At Ottawa, Kas., he won two more State championships, two National L. A.

W. second places and two handicaps, starting from the scratch. Since Sept. 27 up to the present he has won twenty prizes in open and handicap events.

In all races he has had good men to compete with, but everything seemed a walk-over as far as Joe was concerned.

AN AUSTRALIAN CHIEF.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Superintendent G. A. Booker, whose portrait appears elsewhere, is in charge of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade of Adelaide, South Australia. The Fire Department of Adelaide is the best organized body in the Australian colonies. It is under government and is managed by a board of directors representing various insurance companies. Its members are an efficient body of well-trained seafaring men, who receive a good salary and are found in comfortable quarters. They have a splendid plant of apparatus for life-saving and extinguishing fires, constructed on the latest principles, with all the modern appliances, and can turn out in the dead of night, fully manned, with steamer and reel, in 12½ seconds.

A HEROINE DROWNED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Halstead, of Lebanon, O., was recently drowned in a pond while trying to rescue her seven-year-old son and Mable Brown, aged fourteen. The Brown and Halstead families are neighbors. The children were on the pond when the ice gave way. Mrs. Halstead rushed to the pond, a short distance away, and rescued two of the children, and she made the second attempt to rescue the Brown child. She was seized with cramps. The boy followed his mother into the water and was drowned, and was not missed for two hours afterward, as all the neighbors went to work trying to resuscitate the mother.

JAIL BIRDS FLY THE COOP.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Five convicts recently escaped from the penitentiary at Little Rock, Ark. The convicts who escaped are: George Meyers, George Hulme, Thomas Gore, Bud Marefield and John Thomas. The guard, who was on the south wall at noon hour, neglected to go to the north side at the proper time, which fact was observed by the prisoners, when fifteen or twenty of them in less than five minutes rigged up a ladder and were running up the wall in a drove when they were detected by one of the assistant wardens, who prevented the others from ascending and getting away.

A DEVIL INCARNATE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A horrible murder occurred in North Boscowson, N. H. Mrs. Bennett attacked Mary C. Wood, a light-built, delicate woman, whose home is in Chester. Mrs. Bennett, who is the much larger woman of the two, seized Mrs. Wood around the waist, carried her to a bath tub and threw her in. She held her down in the tub, and turning on the water, kept her in that position until the water covered her body and drowned her.

HANDY WITH THE OARS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Elsewhere will be found the portrait of J. N. J. Brown, the champion oarsman of Clinton, British Columbia. Brown recently wrote to the POLICE GAZETTE that he would row any man in America, in outrigger skiffs. He is anxious to meet Henry Searle, who recently defeated O'Connor for the championship of the world. Brown has hundreds of admirers and would-be backers.

A YOUNG LAWYER'S SUICIDE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Frank McArthur, a young lawyer of this city, recently jumped from the Washington Express near the Patuxent river in Maryland and was instantly killed. A few weeks ago young McArthur made an attempt to take his life in Central Park. He was a son of ex-Judge McArthur, of the District of Columbia. He was the victim of an overtaxed brain. McArthur leaves a young wife and child.

AN OFFICE-HOLDING SPORT.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mayor Edward Hughes of Louisville, Ky., the veteran Chief of the Louisville Fire Department, ranks high as an official, and is known wherever square sport is popular. He has been identified with everything in a sporting way, and John L. Sullivan has been his guest. At the Richburg fight Mayor Hughes was with the Sullivan party, and assisted Muldoon and Cleary at the ring.

AN OWNER OF MANY FLYERS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the most prominent and popular race horse owners in this country is William L. Scott. During the past decade Mr. Scott's horses have won a fortune, and this year his well-known colt, Chase, won the great Futurity stakes. Mr. Scott, who is a member of Congress, has won over \$100,000 during the past season. His portrait will be found elsewhere.

HE IS A HARD HITTER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

John Tiernan, of the Down Town Athletic Club, who recently won the "Police Gazette" medal at the tournament of the National Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is one of the rising young amateur boxers of this country. Tiernan's friends predict a brilliant future for him. His many friends will recognize his portrait on another page.

A POPULAR BONIFACE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

None is better known in Detroit, Mich., sporting circles than Jack Jameson. The genial Jack is the proprietor of a popular sporting resort, where the patrons of the manly art make their headquarters. His portrait will be found on another page.

A WELL-KNOWN RUNNER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

We publish this week a portrait of A. D. Hart, of Waterloo, Iowa. Hart is a well-known short-distance runner. He has gained many victories and friends on the cinder path.

Elegantly Colored Cabinet Photographs of Actresses in Tights, \$1.50 per dozen. No order filled for less than one dozen. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

THE BARBER'S CAT.

A Story of Interest to Tonsorialists throughout the Country.

A TRULY WONDERFUL TALE.

A Feline that Chewed Lather until It Floated.

A CELESTIAL BARBER SHOP.

I sat in a barber's chair recently, listening to the clipping of the shears and to the gurgle of the Knight of the Strop when the latter grew reminiscent.

"I can give you," said he, as he chewed off a yard and a half of my plethoric ear, with his plethoric shears "a story that will interest every barber in the land, and it'll boom the POLICE GAZETTE so high that it'll blister the presses to cling off the edition."

I told him to aim his tale right at my sound auricular organ, and he twittered thusly:



THE TAIL WORKED.

"Of course, you didn't know Hans McDoonerheimer?"

I informed the tonsorialist that I had never met the gentleman with the repeating name.

"No, and you never will," replied he, giving me a friendly tip, "for he's in Heaven now. Well, Hans was one of the queerest men I ever knew. He was so 'queer' that he was arrested several times for being a counterfeit. Hans had a pet cat, and thereby hangs a tale, and a tail, too—ha! ha! Grab!"

I refrained from the hilarity that was due the pun, lest I might lose my well ear, and so merely grew red in the face from suppressed giggles.

"That was one of the most wonderful cats I ever knew. He was as large as a young bear and was a virtuous, Sunday school cat. He had no use for back-fences, and whenever a lady-cat attempted to flirt with him he would give her a look that took down her swelled head so quickly that it gave her the stomach-ache."

"Hans called his cat Lather, and right there was where the joke roosted. That cat was thirty-eight years old when he died, and for thirty-seven of those years he had never tasted a piece of meat. What did he eat? Lather. Lather was just pie for him, and when the boys would forget to feed him he'd steal a piece of soap, jump to the sink and mix up his own luncheon. That doesn't look probable, but it gets there just as hard, for I've seen him do it a hundred times. Lather wouldn't even monkey with a mouse or a rat. If he'd see a mouse or a rat loafing around the house he'd just grab it by the back of the neck, take it up to the corner and drop it into the sewer. He was too high-toned for that kind of fodder, you see. Shave? Yes? All right!"

"There was an accident happened to Lather when he was a baby cat that made him his fortune, so to speak. At least, it made him all the more valuable to Hans. One day, while he was dizzily around the shop gathering up the hair to put it in the bin, one of the chumps



LATHER IS SEDUCED.

dropped a razor, and it cut off Lather's tail close up to his bustle. The chump, who was an apprentice, was frightened almost out of his life. He was near-sighted and excited, and in trying to fasten the tail back where it used to reside he made a natural mistake and clapped on an old razor strop that was lying on the floor. He tied and banded it on and then took Lather upstairs and put him to bed. In a few days that strop grew firm and fast. Some hair, of course, grew on it, but not enough to hurt, and ever after Hans used the new tail for a strop. It was fun to see the apprentice stooping over, with Lather attached to the basement of his

trousers while Hans sharpened up the razor. Another funny thing was to see Lather seated on a customer's shoulder and Hans wiping the razor off on his fur. Funny, wasn't it?"

I asked the fiend why he didn't start a paper called the "Liar," but he didn't take any notice of it, and proceeded.

"Lather made a fortune for Hans, but one day he fell from grace. For some time Lather wasn't feeling well and began to mope. The truth of the matter was that Lather was in love. Nobody suspected it at first, but the truth soon came out, and then the awful truth burst upon Hans that Lather had been seduced. It almost broke Hans' heart, for Hans wasn't married,



LATHER LATHERED.

and all of his affections were centered in Lather. So he watched Lather closely, and one evening, sure enough, the fact was proven. Hans caught Lather out on the back fence doing the giddy act with one of the neighbor's Marias, one of the most abandoned and prodigal cats in the ward, and that settled the biz. Hans went into the house and hanged himself. As soon as Lather saw the old man what do you suppose he did?"

"Grabbed Hans by the neck and chucked him down a sewer!"

"Nah!" ejaculated the disgusted shaver, as he clipped off a cross-section of my pretty ear.

"Went out and got all the other cats in the neighborhood and held a wake up on the roof?" I hazarded, anxious to get the prize for the best answer.

The barber gave me a look that stopped the stove.

"Nah! He took the same rope and hanged himself to the chimney. The strangest thing is to come. While they were making preparations for the funeral both bodies disappeared and were never seen again. Shortly after that Hans appeared to me one night. I saw his spirit just as plainly as I see you. He sat down on my bed and told me the whole story. He said that Lather had tied the rope around his neck and had floated off with him to Heaven, and that they had started a shop up there and were doing a corkin' trade."



AN ANGELIC BARBER.

You see, the lather which Lather had been eating for so many years had turned to gas like, and had inflated him so that it made it easy enough for him to float.

"Funny, wasn't it?"

At this point the barber had a fit, and I escaped. Anybody in need of a quadruple-plated liar can send his address to the POLICE GAZETTE office.

QUEVEDO.

SHE CAME TO LIFE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Sarah Caster, a woman well known to the police of St. Louis, was recently found lying on the sidewalk, apparently dead. She was removed to the Morgue, where she was laid out upon a slab among the other "stiffs." The colored attendant was startled about two hours later by the "corpse" sitting up and letting a yard or two of good English cuss words float out upon the air of the Morgue in a very rapid manner. Sarah was sleeping off a royal jag when found by the police, "dead."

FOOD FOR "JUDGE LYNCH."

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Three young tramps recently went to the residence of Robert Austin, Langston, Ala., a farmer who lived alone with his 15-year-old daughter. They overpowered Mr. Austin, and tying him to a bed-post ravished his daughter in full view of the frantic father. Men are hunting the tramps with the aid of bloodhounds, and will lynch them if caught.

A NOTED SPRINTER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

On another page will be found an excellent portrait of "Tommy" Lane, the champion runner of Wellsville, Mo. He is 19 years of age, 5 feet 5 inches high and tips the scales at 125 pounds. Without training or practice, Tommy can get over one hundred yards of ground in less than ten seconds.

THE BIG FOUR.—Lives of Tom Hyer, John C. Heenan, John Morrissey and Yankee Sullivan complete in one book; handsomely illustrated; price, 25 cents. RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

McAULIFFE AND DALY.

The Two Pugilists Before the Boston Cribb Club—Fifteen Frisky Rounds.

WHICH IS THE BETTER MAN?

The long-pending fistic encounter between Jack McAuliffe, the light-weight champion and holder of the "Police Gazette" champion belt, and Mike Daly of Bangor, Me., the light-weight champion of New England, was decided at the Cribb Club, Boston, on Dec. 5. The rival champions fought according to Queensberry rules (not until one or the other was conquered, but fifteen rounds, that being the number it was agreed upon to be fought), for a purse of \$1,000. The Boston Cribb Club put up the purse.

The battle was fought in an 18-foot ring. McAuliffe weighed 141 pounds, eight pounds over the light-weight championship weight limit, while Daly weighed 138 pounds. Bob Drew, the well-known trainer and assistant starter at the New Jersey Jockey Club, and Con McAuliffe seconded the champion, while Daly had the services of Jack Havlin and Dan Gill.

After the men were stripped Daly appeared to be in the best condition, McAuliffe looking heavy and short of training. Betting was \$100 to \$70 on McAuliffe.

The following is a full report of the contest by rounds:

ROUND 1—McAuliffe opened the ball by a lead for Daly's face. Daly dodged, but caught it on the neck. A clinch followed, and after the break both received



JACK McAULIFFE.

heavy face blows. They clinched again, but broke quickly, McAuliffe rushing Daly against the ropes. McAuliffe then landed his left on Daly's jaw, a light one though, but he made up by securing a couple of good ones on Daly's body.

ROUND 2—Both came to the scratch scarcely marked or discolored. McAuliffe led his right for Daly's body, but Daly skillfully avoided him. The force of the lunge threw McAuliffe against the ropes. He quickly recovered himself and secured a stinging face blow. McAuliffe made a rush, struck Daly's neck with his right and broke the skin, thus winning first blood. He got in another on Daly's neck and scored also on his body, and the round ended decidedly in McAuliffe's favor.

ROUND 3—McAuliffe began to settle to his work in this round. He landed his left on Daly's cheek for an opener. Daly then got in a clear solid blow on McAuliffe's body with his left. It was one of the cleverest hits of the contest. McAuliffe, however, rushed Daly into his corner and landed three blows, two of which left their marks on Daly's face.

ROUND 4—McAuliffe blowed hard, but soon recovered and was the first to rush. Daly was driven well into his corner. McAuliffe countered on Daly's neck, and the latter returned it with a body blow. Daly was rushed



MIKE DALY.

against the ropes, but he gave in return a stinging jaw blow with his left.

ROUND 5—McAuliffe had decidedly the best of this round. He opened with his right on Daly's neck, who countered and tapped McAuliffe on the chest. The two clinched, and after the break McAuliffe rained a shower of blows upon Daly's neck and side with both hands,

and the round ended by McAuliffe's friends offering \$100 to \$80 that McAuliffe would win.

ROUND 6—Daly departed from his custom in this round and opened it with a lead for McAuliffe's body. He fell short, and McAuliffe, taking advantage of the opening, planted his left solidly on his rival's breast. Both men fought hard, but the scoring was largely with the Brooklyn boy, and the round ended with neither having any advantage.

ROUND 7—In this round the fighting was equally hot, and the strain began to tell on Daly. Daly received a stinging one in the mouth, causing him to bleed freely. A clinch followed, ending with a rush by McAuliffe. He



McAULIFFE'S SOCKDOLAGER.

got the worst of it, however, Daly nimbly eluding him and then turning and delivering a left above the eye.

ROUND 8—The men had now been fighting twenty-seven minutes, and McAuliffe was eager to land a knock-out blow, but the New England champion was too wary.

ROUND 9—McAuliffe fought like a Trojan, though he failed to use all his chances. Daly made another futile attempt to reach his body. He was perceptibly weak and might have been knocked out. McAuliffe got a blow on Daly's neck, and by a rush dropped him to his knees. Then was his opportunity, but it slipped Jack, and Daly was on his feet before Jack realized his chance.

ROUND 10—Daly forced the fighting in this round and managed to deliver a terrific left-hand upper-cut which landed with damaging effect "on the mark," which was the most effective blow up to this stage of the fight, and the blow told on McAuliffe.

ROUND 11—McAuliffe continued to force the fighting, while Daly fought on the defensive.

ROUND 12—Daly continued to hug and fight on the defensive. McAuliffe landed several blows on the New England pugilist's jaw and face.

ROUND 13—In this round McAuliffe made a determined rally to try and end the mill. Daly's point seemed to be to prevent himself from being knocked out. He received a solid one on the jaw and then a second on the cheek. This last staggered him, and he came near falling. Several interchanges ensued, but McAuliffe again for some reason failed to profit by the advantage, and end the fight, which, if he had had the strength, he could have then done.

ROUND 14—McAuliffe led and landed a terrific left-hander on Daly's body. Daly struck for Mac's knee, but fell short and gave Jack a chance for a left on the neck. Both went to work with a will, and the most savage fighting of the contest followed.

ROUND 15—McAuliffe forced the fighting in this round. He got at Daly's face and was met with a return. Mac then landed two stinging blows on Daly's shoulder. Mac struck solidly and quickly, but Daly stood it astonishingly, and time was called with him still bobbing about the ring.

Joe Lannon then arose and declared the fight a draw. A total of the clean blows shows that Mac secured ninety-eight and Daly thirty-seven.

LUCKY MEN.

Mariano and Apolinario Romero Draw \$15,000.

We have referred in previous issues of this paper to the lucky holder of a ticket in the Louisiana State Lottery which recently drew \$15,000. It is generally supposed that the holder of this ticket was Senor Mariano Romero. An interview with that gentleman develops the fact that the ticket was the joint property of two brothers, Mariano and Apolinario Romero—native California gentlemen, both well and favorably known to the people of this city and vicinity.

They are both married men, sober, industrious, hard working and economical. Mariano is a man of about fifty-five years. He has a wife with no children of his own, but with three that are his by adoption. Apolinario Romero is about forty-four years old, with a wife and eleven children. The elder Romero has a farm of one hundred and sixty acres of land in Montecito; the younger brother has fifteen acres in the same place, but with a mortgage of \$3,000 on it. The mortgage was just about due and it seemed as if the land would have to be given up for the debt. Then came the news of their lucky lottery ticket and immediately following came the money. It seemed almost as if the money had fallen from heaven to save the little home and provide for the eleven children.

Said Mariano: "A few months ago the mountain fires swept down over my ranch. I lost house, barn, wagons, crops, harness and even my wearing apparel. All I had left was the land. I was virtually destitute."

Said Apolinario to the writer to-day: "I was really very hard up and things looked very blue to me and my family. But that money has come. I have paid off my mortgage and every dollar I owe and—now I am a money lender myself. My brother and myself are capitalists."

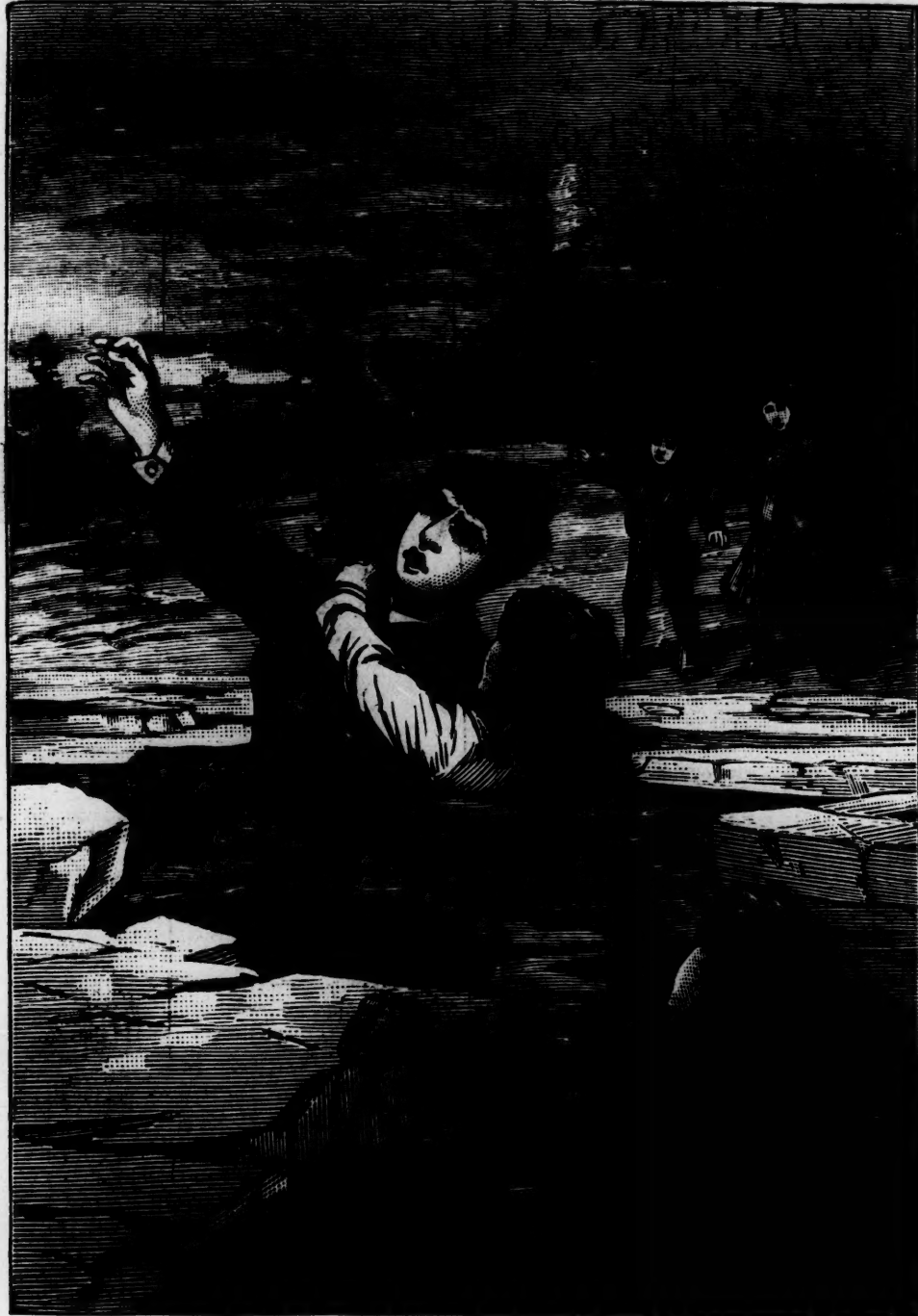
It seems these men had occasionally purchased Louisiana State Lottery tickets before, but money was hard for them to get and they said they had made up their minds to buy just one ticket more and then quit entirely. "Probably we have purchased in all ten dollars' worth of tickets," said Mariano Romero. "Shall we buy more tickets? Oh yes, we shall each have tickets in every drawing. We have two tickets already purchased for the next drawing."

Investigation shows us that the \$15,000 drawn by these men have done a world of good. Both men owed considerably around in this neighborhood. But as soon as the money came they paid up every dollar of their indebtedness and have money left. They are both now above want and are as really rich as if they had ten times the amount. We are truly glad of their success, and believe they will take good care of what remains of their fortunate lottery ticket.—Santa Barbara (Cal.) Independent, Nov. 9.



FEASTING FOR THE DEAD.

THE FRIENDS OF DR. LEWIS MEISBERGER, OF BUFFALO, N. Y., COMPLY WITH THE NOVEL CONDITIONS OF HIS WILL.



A HEROINE DROWNED.

MRS. HALSTEAD, OF LEBANON, OHIO, LOSES HER LIFE WHILE ENDEAVORING TO RESCUE SEVERAL CHILDREN FROM A POND.



TRIED TO WIPE THEM ALL OUT.

HUGH ELLIOTT, CRAZED BY JEALOUSY, SLASHES THE THROATS OF FIVE PERSONS IN SOMERSET, KENTUCKY.



FOOD FOR JUDGE LYNCH.

THREE TRAMPS RAVISH A YOUNG GIRL IN HER FATHER'S PRESENCE WHILE HE IS BOUND, AT LANGSTON, ALA.



HELD UP THE TRAIN.

MASKED MEN CAPTURE A RAILROAD TRAIN AT BERWIN, TEXAS, AND SECURE \$50,000 AFTER A LIVELY BATTLE.

ISN'T IT JUST HORRID?

That Baseballists Indulge, sometimes,
in a "Ball?"

THE EARLY BIRD AND THE WORM.

Fred Carroll denies the story which got into circulation that it was his intention to retire from the arena. Carroll is a very sensible fellow and he knows enough to let well enough alone. There is nothing like nursing a good thing, and the man who would throw up a soft snap like baseball to embark in any other pursuit would certainly have to be a first-class clump. Too many ball players have let that mistaken idea run away with them while their heads were swollen, and have learned differently through bitter experience. Carroll is snoring this winter on the Pacific Slope, and next spring will find him back in the East, ready for work.

The members of the Brotherhood will have ample time to digest the meaning of the three years' contract they have pledged themselves to sign and stand by. Sporting life is a great life, and no one realizes this fact more keenly than the professional ball player, who has been enabled to see a little of the world by the means of his voluptuous salary. The ball player, as a rule, is not a thrifty person and as it takes money to see the sights he generally parts with his money as rapidly as he receives it, so that the end of a season finds him with but a scanty exchequer. Heretofore this embarrassing feature of the player's existence has been bridged over by his going into quiet quarters for the winter and drawing on his next season's salary every time he got into straitened circumstances. Now, however, they have no club officials to draw upon. They are their own bosses and have to take their own chances of getting their salaries out of the gate receipts, as there is no one who guarantees them one single dollar.

Gilks is showing his long head by remaining on the fence during the coming winter. He has a good view both ways and can form a pretty fair idea how the land lies. His feet are hanging over on the old side, as he thinks Messrs. Howe and Howley pretty good people to work for, and he hates to leave them. He does not care to till the Brotherhood soil unless it is a sure thing about his salary.

The rules for disciplining the drinking members of the Brotherhood are most excellent, but will they be enforced? The same rules existed last year, but we have yet to hear of the first case where the Brotherhood has disciplined one of its members. The boys have the sympathy of the public with them now, but they will have to carry themselves pretty straight to retain their support. Fainting every town they strike a crimson hue will have to be a thing of the past, as it will not be tolerated after they start out on their own hook. They will soon be classed as drunken bums and find themselves without a supporter.

It is the early bird that catches the worm. But Catcher Earle failed to nail an increase in his salary, even though he was one of the first men to sign a Cincinnati contract.

The Pittsburgh club management are satisfied now that the Brotherhood movement is no fake; that the boys mean business, and that they will surely start off on their own hook. Not being desirous of getting caught without oil in their lamps, they are now making a play for minor league men to represent them in the proud old National League in 1900.

Trenton is one of the most peculiar baseball towns in the country. The people are all great admirers of the national game, and in the winter, when they have nothing else to do, they fairly go crazy upon the subject. Everybody whoops her up until some poor unfortunate fellow starts a club the following season and lands high and dry on his uppers through these enthusiasts, who gave the game a boom in the winter thinking they had done their end and were entitled to a season pass for sending things along. The people like to talk baseball and have a first-class representative club, but they never have time to go to see a game when it comes to going down into their pockets for the price of admission. It is one of the best places to starve in on the face of the globe.

There are some rising young players in the California League who are taking advantage of the fight between the National League and the players' Brotherhood to introduce themselves to the Eastern public by negotiating with the League officials for positions in their teams.

Money grows on bushes up around Worcester, and the Worcester people are so used to going out and gathering it when it is ripe that they actually do not know the value of it. The Indianapolis players wanted to purchase the release of Pitcher Burkett and offered to pay \$400 for it, but the Worcester people thought that \$2,500 would be more acceptable.

Thomas Todd Ramsey has been sent off away out in the wilds of Indiana on a gunning expedition, in order to keep him out of the bewildering influence of the Brotherhood players. The Canadians are anxious to see baseball placed on a paying basis, and therefore made a strong fight to have the International League salary limit fixed at \$10,000.

Dick is not Phelan very well, so he has concluded to winter in New Orleans. He is a great friend of the catcher who is Whalen this winter at Shenandoah, Va.

The club officials in the International League were rather inclined to be lenient last season with their umpires, but it was like putting a beggar on horseback. The umpires did just as they pleased and rubbed it in as well. No one knew when they were going to umpire or when a substitute was going to be run in. Of course there was a regular schedule, but that made no difference to the umpires, for all they had to do was to get full, fall to show up and then swear they were sick. Next year, however, they will be obliged to take their medicine in the shape of a \$25 fine for each game they miss.

There is a certain baseball club—we will not say whether it is located in a major or minor league—whose players are inveterate poker players. Many nights were wasted at this fascinating game during the past season, and when the boys went out to play in the afternoon they were half dead for the want of sleep and in no condition to play good ball. They were watched closely while on trips, but in their all-night rackets when at home by congregating in barn near the grounds, the very last place on earth that the manager and directors of the club dreamed of looking for them, although they were out with detectives scouring the town for them.

The Boston triumphs are talking of placing two teams in the fight next season—one in the National League and the other in the Atlantic Association. The Metropolitan Exhibition Company

tried that double-club business at quite a heavy financial loss, and there is no doubt the Boston people could learn considerable about having too many irons in the fire from Mr. John B. Day.

In order to capture some of the choicest of the American Association players, the Brotherhood men promised them from three to five hundred dollars more than they were previously receiving.

Frank Shelbeck of Detroit has had a close call. He recently took gas in having a tooth extracted. Frank, as is well known, is heavily charged with natural gas, so much so that if you strike a match and hold it up while he is talking you will see the flames shoot out of his mouth. Well, to make a long story short the two gases did not affiliate and Shelbeck has been seriously ill for nearly a month.

What money the Brotherhood players anticipate making in Buffalo is a problem that is rather difficult to solve.

George Weidman has had an offer from the Pittsburgh Brotherhood club, and is thinking very seriously of accepting. The Brotherhood players claim that they will have nothing but the "stars" of the arena, and if such is really the case Weidman had better grab on as quickly as possible if he wants to rank with the upper crust, as it has been some time since he figured as a beacon light in the League. It is astonishing with what marvelous rapidity a man will become a back number after once he loses his grip.

One scarcely realizes the stupendousness of Mr. Spalding's great venture in taking the Chicago and All American teams around the world, until they stop to take into consideration the manner in which the Stockton, Cal., club fumed and frothed about the great trip they were going to make this winter to the Sandwich Islands, and then abandoned the scheme, owing to the big ocean voyage. The Spalding party had scarcely made a beginning when they struck these islands.

McPhee played his cards in great shape, and he certainly deserves credit for being decidedly clever. He simply balanced himself most beautifully upon the fence and flirted with the Brotherhood players and the Cincinnati club management, giving each lots of encouragement and plenty of rope, until he got both pretty badly

mashed on him. Then he commenced to pull in the slack until he finally landed the Cincinnati club management for a magnificent salary.

It is too bad about these conscientious fellows. Now, there is Billy Sunday, who wants to be released from his pledge by the Brotherhood, as he feels the Pittsburgh club has a claim on him. This is one of the ways of showing the white feather.

Keenan had made some neat calculations as to the style in which he would handle the score cards on the Cincinnati grounds; how attractive they should be, and the handsome sum he would realize from their sale. His plans, however, were all nipped in the bud by his failing to secure the privilege.

It made something of a breeze in Columbus when Mark Baldwin jumped their club for his old love—Chicago.

There is scarcely a shrewder man in the baseball business than Fred Stearns of Detroit. When he takes hold of a thing you can gamble there is money in it, and when he lets go it is not any too safe an enterprise to embark in.

It is amusing to hear the bluff that is being made about the stock of applicants for the vacancies in the American Association. The fact is that the "combine" proved a death blow.

Al Mays is not exactly a back number, but he got caught in a snow storm and drifted into the gin business.

In spite of all that was said to the contrary, and the evasive answers given by President Stern in answer to questions, the Cincinnati club jumped into the League. The recent legislation against Sunday games was given as one of the chief reasons for the change, but that is all nonsense. The Cincinnati club has been anxious to get into the League for a long time, and they were ready to make the leap at any moment.

If the young players who have been given a trial in days gone by, and been found wanting, do not make a mark for themselves in 1899, with the opposition which will be in the field, then they may as well make up their minds that they have missed their calling and retire from the baseball arena forever.

Unless the Brotherhood are bluffing, next year is going to be the greatest season that has ever been known for the development of young players and for bringing fossils to the front to fill in with.

Oh! how smoothly the Brotherhood will work. Here is Johnny Ward, assigned to Brooklyn, who says: "I signed a New York contract, and will certainly play in New York," and Tom Daly, who thinks Buffalo would not be a benefit to him owing to the raw winds of the lake.

An effort was made at the last meeting of the Tri-State League to do away with loud-mouthed coaching, but it proved a failure. The nearest they could come to it was to compel the umpire to enforce the coaching rules, which guards against unnecessary coaching.

It is only the old staggers that eat snowballs in the winter—men who never save a cent in the summer and are too lazy to work at anything else in the winter. Take these rising young players and you will find them full of hustle and hard at work during the long, cold months.

August Wachter has been reading novels, and it doesn't seem fair for him to come into the baseball arena and fool us by saying his name was Arthur Sunday. It is well enough to give them that in a little country town like Toledo, but it seems a trifle chilly to spring it on the rest of the fraternity.

Since President Nimblet let his Pittsburgh players he has had to do some pretty lively hustling to secure attractions. He has one six-fingered and six-toed freak, and he has his eye on a four-handed man and a five-armed boy which he feels confident will prove greater drawing cards than the Brotherhood players.

Young Russell's papa is the president of the Bricklayers' Union in Indianapolis. He has a long head, and he knows what this striking business is like, so he advises his son to let the Brotherhood scheme alone.

Connie Murphy would have had a chance to show the Cincinnati people what he was made of had that club not gone into the League. President Stern had agreed to give the Syracuse management \$1,500 for Con, but getting into the League made Mr. Stern look for larger game.

Sowden is not mad he is only on the war path. He thinks the players are all ingrates. There are men, he thinks, whom the magnates have fostered, who should be driven out of the business; men whose drunken carousals would not be tolerated in any other profession, and they only wheedled them because a forgiving public demanded that they be retained. "JUNE."

Elegant Cabinet Photographs of all the leading Pugilists, Athletes, Actors and Sporting men, only 30 cents each. RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

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OUR ATHLETES.

What They Are Doing All Over the
Country.

PUGILISTS GETTING THERE.

The following special cables were received at the POLICE GAZETTE office during the week:

The coming prize fight between Jim Smith and Frank P. Slavin for \$1,000 and the championship of England is beginning to attract considerable interest. Heavy commissions coming from Sydney, Melbourne to back Australian. Tom Lees assisting to train Slavin at Margate. It is the intention of Slavin's backers to match him against John L. Sullivan for \$1,000, "Police Gazette" champion belt and championship of the world if he beats Smith.

Jim Smith, Frank P. Slavin and their backers met Dec. 7 to complete arrangements for their fight for \$1,000. It was agreed fight should take place on Dec. 20 or 21.

The battle will take place near where Kilrain and Smith fought for the "Police Gazette" champion belt and \$2,000. It was agreed to only issue sixty tickets, thirty on each side, not including seconds.

Expected Slavin and Smith will be arrested and required to obtain sureties not to fight in England.

Thompson Brothers, of Australia, have backed Slavin for \$1,000. Reported that \$5,000 coming from Australia to back the Australian champion.

Peter Jackson giving exhibitions with Wolf Bendoff, who fought James Cooper in South Africa for \$4,500.

Gallagher, American wrestler, has left for New York. Blaso, the amateur swimmer, has gone to America to dive from Brooklyn Bridge.

A special to "Sporting Life" from Sydney, Dec. 7, says: Searle, champion oarsman, quite recovered, and that James Stansbury of Shoal Haven has issued challenge to row Searle over the Paramatta course in three months, \$200 a side, "Police Gazette" champion cup and championship of the world.

[Stansbury will be 23 years of age next February. He is 5 feet 11 inches in height, weighs 12 stone (or 168 pounds). He rowed Searle for the championship July 13, 1898, and was beaten by two lengths in 19 minutes 53 1/2 seconds, fastest time on record. —Ed.]

Harvey McKenna, the well-known billiard player, died in this city on Dec. 4.

Billy McCarthy has gone into training for his fight with Jack Dempsey in January.

The California Club directors have fixed the date of the Weir-Murphy fight for Dec. 27.

Fatsey Kerrigan, the Boston light-weight, has posted \$100 for a static encounter with Jack Greene.

Billy Madden, who will manage big Joe McAuliffe, has telegraphed to the Californian to come right on East without delay.

George H. Hosmer, the well-known oarsman, is to be tendered a testimonial and ball at Odd Fellows' Hall, Boston, on Dec. 17.

Charley Mitchell is now the proprietor of the Washington Music Hall, Battersea, London, Eng. Pony Moore turned over the theatre to Mitchell.

Thomas Blase, the famous amateur swimmer, diver and go-as-you-please pedestrian, has arrived in this city. Blase comes to this country to contend in feats of swimming, diving and running.

Dennis F. Butler writes from New Orleans to the POLICE GAZETTE that Jimmy McNamee has accepted the challenge of Andy Bowen to fight for \$500 a side, and offers to bet \$500 additional on the result.

Martin, a Long Island fighting dog, conquered Black Jack, a New Jersey fighting dog, in 1 hour and 5 minutes on December 3 at Newark, N. J. The dogs fought at 30 pounds according to "Police Gazette" dog fighting rules.

Tom McCormick and Jack Slattery, both residents of Harlem, N. Y., fought on December 2 for a purse. McCormick weighed 175 pounds, Slattery 180 pounds. Six rounds were fought in 23 minutes, when McCormick knocked Slattery out.

More than 300 members of the Boston Cribb Club gathered in the Fayette court room on Dec. 4 to witness the announced 20-round contest between Jack Burns, of Marlboro, and Harry Tracy, of Cambridge. Tracy knocked Burns out in the second round, in 4 minutes 30 seconds.

Billy Dougherty and Tony Fox, pugilists unknown to fame, fought in a stable on Washington street, Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 3. Dougherty was declared the winner in the 8th round. The police arrested many of the party, but Justice Walsh discharged both the pugilists and the spectators.

The fight which is to take place at the Occidental Club rooms on Dec. 23 between Faidy Smith, of Birmingham, Eng., and Danny Needham, of St. Paul, Minn., is creating considerable interest in sporting circles in San Francisco. Smith is the better known of the two, owing to his being a longer time in the city.

A special dispatch to the "Police Gazette," Dec. 4, from San Francisco, says: "The California Athletic Club last night decided to hang up a purse of \$15,000 or \$20,000 for a fight between Sullivan and Jackson. It was also decided to arrange a fight between Kilrain and Joe McAuliffe for a purse of \$3,000, \$2,500 to the winner."

It is with regret that we announce the illness of Col. John S. Cunningham, retired Pay Director of the U. S. Navy. Col. Cunningham, who has just returned from a trip to London and Paris, in which cities he gained many friends by his affable and unpretentious manners, is at present sejourning at the Victoria Hotel, in this city.

At Spokane Falls, Wash., recently, "Kid" Irwin, of Montana, and "Kid" Walker, of Salt Lake City, fought a private mill for a purse of \$150. The fight lasted 17 rounds, Walker being declared the victor. It was a gamey and hard fought battle, both being badly punished. Irwin broke his right hand in the second round, which virtually lost him the battle. He is the "Kid" who killed Fulljames in a fight at Grand Forks.

A special from San Francisco to the "Police Gazette" says: Jack Dempsey and Billy McCarthy, of Australia, signed articles on December 4 and posted a forfeit of \$200 to weigh in at 154 pounds on the night of their fight in the latter part of January, the date to be hereafter fixed. The fight will be for \$1,800 and the world's middleweight championship, according to "Police Gazette" rules, each round to last 3 minutes with 1 minute's rest.

Jake Kilrain left for Purvis, Miss., on December 9. Prior to Kilrain's departure Frank Stevenson, of New York, had an interview with him at Baltimore relative to another match with John L. Sullivan, assuring him that a number of sporting men were anxious to back him for another go with the big fellow. Kilrain says he is willing to fight Sullivan or any man in America or England, and it is understood that if he gets off easily in the Mississippi case he will soon be in training for another ring contest.

A special dispatch to the "Police Gazette" from Hammond, Ind., Dec. 6, says: One of the greatest dog fights on record was decided here to-day between Rowdy of Chicago and Badger of Boston. The stakes were \$1,000, and there was \$2,000 bet on the outside. The dogs fought according to "Police Gazette" rules at 37 pounds. Rowdy won after a desperate battle, which lasted 2 hours 30 minutes. At the conclusion of the battle the Sheriff and a posse arrived and arrested the principals and a number of spectators.

Thomas Perkins, the genial manager for James Gillespie, of Pearl and Ferry streets, this city, has had a host of

friends, during the week, admiring the prize he captured at the festival of the Square-Back Rangers on Thanksgiving Day. The prize is a handsome majolica urn, mounted on a stand of silver, the whole being nearly two feet in height. The testimonial is an earnest of the POLICE GAZETTE's interest in many sports, under which head marksmanship is properly classified, and was presented for competition. Mr. Perkins carried it away.

The New York "Sun," Dec. 7, published the following: Frank Stevenson called at the Sun office to say that Kilrain would issue a challenge to John L. Sullivan if he gets out of the Mississippi difficulty. "I have \$1,000 here," he said, "which I intend to post as a forfeit when I issue a challenge for Jake to Sullivan. His trial comes off at Purvis, Miss., on Monday, and if the jury lets him off I will put this money up at the Clipper office on Monday afternoon, or Tuesday morning at the latest. Kilrain will fight Sullivan for \$5,000 or \$10,000, the championship of the world and the "Police Gazette" belt, which is now in his possession. I am aware that Sullivan is not anxious to meet our man again, and if he declines [to fight], then Jake will challenge Jackson. Slavin, and all of the other heavy-weights who can get backing."

We have received the following letter from Johannesburg, South Africa, which will no doubt be read with interest by the millions of readers of the POLICE GAZETTE:

JOHANNESBURG, Oct. 20, 1899.

TO THE EDITOR POLICE GAZETTE—Sir: In your issue of Sept. 28 there appears an excellent illustration of a scene from the Cooper-Bendoff fight, which was taken from an instantaneous photograph. It being a photograph the portrait is correct. I am sorry to say that your letterpress upon the event is not like the illustration, and I beg to put you right in one or two points.

The fight took place on July 26, at a spot four miles from Johannesburg, and the stakes amounted to \$4,500, besides the championship of South Africa. Cooper's christian name is James; he is 5 feet 6 inches in height; he weighs 145 pounds.

You make the broad assertion that hundreds could beat him. Now, I have seen the best men the world ever produced, and my personal experiences range over a very wide area. I witnessed the principal battles of Tom Sayers, Bob Brettie, Bob Travers, Mike Madden, Bill Hayes, Mace, Goss, and scores of others, and I never came across a harder two-handed hitter than Jim Cooper. Bob Brettie could hit as hard, but only with his right.

Cooper is really a phenomenon, but, being now 35 years of age, his fighting days are over. He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, and is of gentle birth. Although always fond of athletics, it was late in life that he entered the ring. Such was my opinion of him that in 1884 I sent him to America to try and get a four-round knock-out match on with Sullivan. Unfortunately he mixed himself up with the wrong set, and was induced to meet a third rater named Pell. I need not dwell upon the particulars of the fiasco that meeting resulted in. In 1885 such a good judge as Bat Mullens wanted to back him against Tug Wilson and Charley Mitchell. His match with Bendoff lasted 25 minutes, in which time 25 rounds were fought, and when he had licked his man he left the ring without the sign of a blow or scratch upon him. Bendoff, on the other hand, was a perfect picture of woe.

MR. L. LOWENTHAL, Johannesburg.

[No doubt the followers of the P. R. who knew James Cooper when he was in New York and witnessed his encounters in the ring will smile at Cooper's champion's remarks.]

Two Slashing Glove Fights.

Birmingham, alias "Big Six," and Jimmy Lynch Victors—Thompson and Flaherty Downed.

The POLICE GAZETTE correspondent at Birmingham, Ala., sends the following:

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Dec. 3.—The most desperate exhibition of glove fighting ever witnessed in this city took place at a variety theatre near midnight. Mervine Thompson, of Cleveland, a once noted heavy-weight pugilist and wrestler, was matched against a burly negro pugilist known as "Big Six." Thompson was to knock the negro out in six rounds for a purse of \$200. The negro weighs 240 pounds, while Thompson's weight is about 20 pounds less. Thompson had been drinking during the day,

and was in bad condition. When time was called they rushed at each other like two wild beasts, and sledge-hammer blows fell thick and fast. There was no science. It was a question of strength and endurance. Thompson was knocked down five times in the first round, which lasted five minutes, the time-keeper being so excited that he forgot to call time. Thompson got in some terrific blows, but they seemed to have no effect on the black giant. In the second round Thompson came up groggy, and the negro knocked him right and left with blows that could be heard almost a block away. The third knock-down in this round left Thompson lying senseless on the floor. He was given ten seconds, but could not come to time. The negro seemed unhurt. For five years "Big Six" has met and knocked out all comers. He is a giant in strength, and it is almost impossible to hurt him. He once butted an ox to death on a wager, and a blow on the head with a heavy club will not stagger him.

The battle between Jimmy Lynch of New York and Joe Flaherty of Boston, for \$200, was decided on Nov. 30, on Long Island. About 75 men paid \$10 apiece to see the battle. There was a party of 15 from Boston. The men weighed in 24 hours be-

fore the fight. Lynch tipped the beam at exactly 122; Flaherty at 119 1/2. He was 5 feet 6 inches tall, and had an inch longer reach than his opponent. Lynch stood 5 feet 4 1/2 inches in his fighting rig. Cal McCarthy and Jack McAuliffe seconded Lynch. Jack Lyman and Tommy Holden seconded Flaherty. The fight did not last long, but it was a rattler from the call of time to the end of the fourth round, when Flaherty received a right-handed punch on the jaw and dropped like a log and Lynch won.

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MIGHTY MEN OF BRAWN

Samson, Cyclops, Sandow, Molineux, Cyr and Others.

DEEDS OF DARING DONE BY THEM.

The feats of Samson, Cyclops and Sandow are creating a furore in London, and the English sporting public and press have pronounced them the strongest men in the world. I have never had the pleasure of witnessing the modern athletic gladiators lift dumbbells or break chains, but I am convinced, from information received in the POLICE GAZETTE, that Samson, Sandow and Cyclops are wonderfully strong men, but before I would believe they can put up the heavy "dumb" they are credited with doing I should want to see them weighed.

I witnessed Louis Cyr put up a 225-pound "dumb" at Montreal, March 28, 1886. The bell was weighed before it was placed on the stage. Cyr raised it from the floor to the shoulder with both hands, and then from the shoulder to arm's length above the shoulder with one hand. Cyr's feat, up to this time, beat any performance of his kind. On the same evening Cyr who is now known as the Canadian Samson, lifted a platform upon which were seated twenty men, the weight being 3,150 pounds. Following this wonderful feat of strength, he lifted a barrel of flour and placed it on his shoulder. Since, Cyr has accomplished far more wonderful feats which would make Samson and Sandow stare with amazement.

At Berthierville, Canada, Oct. 1, 1888, Cyr lifted with his back 3,336 pounds of pig iron. A plank was placed on two heavy trees, stayed and braced, 4 feet in height. Cyr pushed up the plank upon which the pig iron was placed with his back, arms and legs until it was one foot above or clear of the trees. This is a feat that Samson, Sandow or Cyclops could never perform. At the same place and at the same date Cyr put up a dumbbell weighing 246 pounds, raising it from the floor with both hands, then from shoulder to arm's length above shoulder with one hand. Cyr has challenged Samson, Cyclops and Sandow, through the POLICE GAZETTE, and should either accept and a competition is arranged, the Canadian Samson will no doubt eclipse the feats of the European champions.

While Samson, Sandow and Cyclops are looked upon as phenomena in feats of strength, it must not be forgotten that America has produced strong men, athletes who could accomplish feats at weight-lifting that, if they were in the Royal Aquarium, London, competing at the same style of competition, would surprise not only the three giants, but the big audiences that nightly go to the Aquarium. Here are a few of the wonderful feats accomplished by Americans.

Wm. B. Curtis, the athletic editor of the "Spirit of the Times," an amateur athlete, lifted, with harness, 1,230 pounds in New York City, Dec. 20, 1888. David L. Dowd, of Springfield, Mass., on March 27, 1888, lifted with hands alone 1,484 pounds. H. Lennings, of Cincinnati, O., lifted 1,384 pounds at Cincinnati, O., March 31, 1880. G. W. Winship, of Boston, lifted 1,800 pounds in harness. Ambrose A. Butts, 2,727 pounds, Auburn, O.; John J. Lucas, 2,700 pounds, Belleville, Ill., Oct. 28, 1875; Dr. G. W. Winship, 2,400 pounds, Boston, Mass.; C. O. Broad, amateur, lifted a barrel of flour weighing, with fixings, 280 pounds, from the floor with right hand alone, 875 times in 10 minutes, Lynn, Mass. All of these feats compare favorably with those of the three big fellows.

The victory of Peter Jackson over Jem Smith made many prize ring followers in England wonder. One of those who were surprised thus writes:

"We hear nowadays, in modern boxing matches, of men being knocked out, or sent to sleep, after a few rounds. Have men deteriorated physically within the last twenty years to such a degree that their powers of endurance are less than they were formerly? Or has training, science and strength, on the other hand, arrived at such perfection that no mortal athlete can withstand the effects of a well timed blow on the point of the jaw, the jugular or some other favorite spot?"

"I cannot understand it; for such fighters as Cribb, Belcher, Spring of the old; and Mace, Sayers and many others of the modern school, could give and take quite as much punishment, if not a great deal more, than our modern boxers. And they, be it remembered, fought maybe for hours, whilst our present champions and ring aspirants generally succumb or 'go to sleep,' dead knocked out, in a few minutes. Former champions fought with bare knuckles, modern champions in gloves. (Query: kid gloves?)

"I presume men of the old school to whom I have referred could hit quite as hard as the best of the new, and knew the points to attack as well as our modern lights, and it has yet to be proved that they were not equally scientific. How long did poor old Tom Sayers stand up to Heenan, and surely the latter was as powerful and clever as most of our living big 'uns. Sayers barred neither height nor weight. He took his blows, and he gave it. Though he came up groggy at times after a blow like the kick of a horse, he was not 'sent to sleep.' But now it seems as if our boxing is to degenerate into mere sledge-hammer and anvil business—one punch on the point of the jaw and 'Good night, go to sleep!'

"Shades of former champions! Did any of them take a nap at the end of a few minutes? No! They fought for a tenth of the sums now given at a glove fight; and, although they got groggy, and weak and blind, still they contended to the bitter end, and as a rule the best men won. What is it, then? Is it want of stamina? Is it want of pluck? Is it want of science? Or is it too much monetary arrangements which makes our foxey champions sleep so easily?"

Sidney Thomas, the English runner, who is now a member of the Manhattan Athletic Club, accomplished a wonderful feat of running at the Manhattan Athletic Club grounds in this city on Nov. 30, and he placed a time mark at running at various distances from ten and one-half to fifteen miles, which will prove a very difficult task for any amateur runner to equal, unless Willie D. Day is equal to the emergency.

Thomas ran fifteen miles and lowered several of the amateur records made in this country. In one hour he covered 10 miles, 1,118 3-4 yards. The following is a summary.

Miles.	H. M. S.	Miles.	H. M. S.
10 1/2	1 00 00 3-4	10 1/2	1 10 31 3-4
11	1 01 53 3-4	11	1 13 56 3-4
11 1/2	1 04 50 4-5	11 1/2	1 20 28 3-4
12	1 07 50 3-4	12	1 27 11 3-4

The sporting writers on the daily papers gave Thomas great praise for the wonderful feat, and he was deserving of it. One paper, on Dec. 1, printed the following: Thomas broke every record from 10 1/2 to 15 miles, proving himself one of the speediest and pluckiest long distance runners that ever wore spikes.

Readers of the above who are not posted in fastest running performances, would at once believe that Sidney Thomas had run from 10 1/2 to 15 miles faster than any man living, but such is not true.

Thomas ran 10 1-2 miles in 59 minutes 3-5 seconds, consequently Thomas did not beat the best amateur time for 10 1/2 miles as he is credited for. W. G. George ran that distance in 54 minutes 24 seconds at London, England, July 28, 1884. Again, Thomas' time for 11 miles was 1 hour 1 minute 53 3-4 seconds. W. G. George ran 11 miles in 57 minutes, 9 3-4 seconds, at London, England, July 28, 1884, while L. Bennett (Deerfoot) ran 11 miles in London, England, April 3, 1863, in 56 minutes, 52 seconds, and Patrick Fitzgerald, the retired six-day champion of America, ran 11 miles in this city in 59 minutes, 50 1/2 seconds, and all of the above performances eclipse Sidney Thomas' time made on November 30. Sidney Thomas' 11 1/2 miles was made in

1 hour, 4 minutes 50 4-5 seconds. On July 28, 1884, W. G. George ran 11 1/2 miles at London, England, in 57 minutes 51 1/2 seconds.

Thomas' time for 13 miles, 1 hour, 7 minutes, 50 2-5 seconds, was beaten by J. Howitt (professional) on March 22, 1882, at London, England. Howitt ran the distance in 1 hour, 10 minutes and 30 seconds, while George A. Dunning (amateur) ran 12 miles in 1 hour, 6 minutes, 38 seconds, at London, England, January 1, 1881, which is also ahead of Thomas' record. Dunning's record for 13 miles is also faster than the time made by Sidney Thomas, the former having run 13 miles in 1 hour, 12 minutes at London, England, January 1, 1881, while Thomas' time for that distance, on Nov. 30, was 1 hour 18 minutes 56 3-4 seconds. Dunning's amateur time for 14 miles is 1 hour 18 minutes 16 seconds. It was made at London, England, Jan. 1, 1881. Thomas' time, made Nov. 30, 1889, at the Manhattan grounds, was 1 hour 20 minutes 56 3-4 seconds.

Again, Dunning ran 15 miles, at London, England, Jan. 1, 1881, in 1 hour 24 minutes 24 seconds, which performance also beats Sidney Thomas' feat of 1 hour 27 minutes 11 3-4 seconds.

I may here state that J. Howitt, the professional, has beaten all the running records from 15 miles to 17 inclusive, but George's and Dunning's records as amateurs are ahead of Sidney Thomas' performance, consequently he did not "break every running record" from 10 1/2 miles to 15, as recorded in the newspapers on Dec. 1. Thomas, however, did run several of the distances in his 15-mile race faster than they were ever run in this country, but "breaking all records" from 10 1/2 to 15 miles he did not accomplish. I am not throwing any cold water on Thomas' feat, for it was a remarkable performance, but not by any means phenomenal.

Thomas' performances, while remarkable for an amateur, cannot be compared to the performances made by Wm. Cummings, L. Bennett, W. G. George and J. Howitt and Patrick Fitzgerald.

Many are wondering why Peter Jackson became such a favorite in England, and became the pet of the Kingdom. The question is readily answered. He went to England with a shrewd manager, and followed a programme that his manager laid down for him. The result was success.

Jackson has not become personally known to the English nobility merely from the scientific acquirements of pugilism, but upon pretensions which are of the most firm and durable nature—a pleasing address, an intelligent and communicative disposition. These have rendered him in society a cheerful companion.

Jackson, although a colored man, apparently possesses a mind that penetrates farther than the surface, and, being well assured from his intercourse with polished society that men, however fond of pugilism they may be, cannot discourse upon fighting every minute in the day, begin again the next and so go on to the end of the chapter, has prevented any such chasm from appearing in his composition.

Pugilistic history repeats itself. In 1809 Thomas Molineux, the Black, like Peter Jackson, arrived in England to meet all comers. Jackson made a fast record before he left these shores, but Molineux arrived in England unknown. He was a perfect stranger, a rude, unsophisticated man; and, resting entirely upon his pugilistic pretensions to excellence, he offered himself to the notice of the public.

Molineux, like Peter Jackson, challenged England's proudest heroes to combat. It was claimed that he was too ambitious by trying to wrest the laurels from the English champion's brow. Molineux's first battle in England was with Bill Burrows, of Bristol, who stood 6 feet 2 inches in height and weighed 208 pounds. The battle was fought at Tivoli Fields, London, on July 24, 1810. The battle lasted one hour, and Molineux punished his opponent so severely that it was impossible to distinguish a single feature on Burrows' face.

Molineux next defeated Tom Blake, at Margate, August 21, 1810, in eight rounds, knocking him senseless. His victories created a great sensation in England. Sporting men were completely astonished by his stamina, and tremendous hitting, and he was looked upon as such a hero as Peter Jackson is at the present time.

Molineux stood 5 feet 9 inches in height and weighed 194 pounds. He may have been game, but his battle with Jack Carter, "the Lancashire hero," proved to the contrary. Molineux and Carter fought at Shennington on April 2, 1813, for a purse of 100 guineas. At one time during the battle Molineux wanted to leave the ring, and would never have returned to the scratch only for the persuasion of Bill Gibbons and Joe Ward. In another round he was down on one knee, and with both hands held fast to the ropes, and being struck while in this position, claimed a foul. In the 15th round he received a tremendous blow on the jaw, followed by one on the neck. He cried "Oh dear! oh dear! Murder!" and claimed that Carter had hit him on the neck. Later he said, "There, he has hit me again!" and it was with great difficulty that Joe Ward could persuade him that it was Carter's knuckles and not his mouth that had done the injury. It was all that his seconds could do to persuade him to continue, and when Molineux was dead beat Carter fouled, and Molineux was declared the winner. In one more round a slight view of Molineux, whatever certainty there was of Molineux being "a sound man at the core," it is on record that if his heart had been in the right place he would have won his first battle with Tom Cribb.

Writing of Molineux recalls to mind the story of a great American colored pugilist people nowadays know very little about. I refer to Bill Richmond, who flourished in 1808 as a great pugilist in England. Bill was born in Richmond, Staten Island. When Staten Island was captured by the English Richmond engaged the attention of General Earl Percy, who engaged him as his servant, and he arrived in England in 1777.

He was sent to school at Yorkshire and was later on apprenticed to learn cabinet making. Richmond became a pugilist in this way: George Moore, alias Docky Moore, a recruit in an English regiment, insulted Richmond at the races at York, England. Moore had been the terror of Sheffield, and had ruled the roost for some time in that part of the country. He was elegantly proportioned, possessing great strength and all the necessary requisites for milling. He weighed 195 pounds and stood 5 feet 9 1/2 inches in height. Richmond's friends tried to dissuade him from tackling Moore, Richmond only weighing 152 pounds, and the chances being decidedly against him. The American Black refused to listen to his friends' advice, and he fought Moore and defeated him easily in twenty-five minutes. After whipping Moore he defeated two soldiers on the same race course one after the other.

Richmond, when he fought Tom Cribb at Hallowham, England, on October 8, 1805, several times during the contest showed the white feather, and, although he fought Cribb one hour and a half, during the contest he showed he lacked heart, and Cribb won without receiving any punishment, owing to the fact that Richmond fought on the defensive.

In a recent issue of the London "Daily Telegraph" an article on boxing appeared, in which it was asked if we were to go back to the days of Cribb and Molineux, or would "professional pugilism be entirely stamped out?"

The writer of the article in question must have had very little experience in matters connected with the ring, or he would have the common sense to know that, in the days of Tom Cribb, bluff and brutality were the only necessities to secure championship honors, and that the pugilist who had the following was almost certain of being the victor. In the present day it is quite different; brute force is unknown, and science comes in. What does goody-goody "London Daily" know about boxing, or why should it endeavor to "stamp out" that purely fair method of settling disputes?

REFEREE.

FIVE VALUABLE BOOKS—"Cook's Guide," "Dog Pit," "Police Gazette," "Hartford's Guide," and "Boxing," and "How to Train"—All copiously illustrated. Price 25 cents each. RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

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J. G. Salem.—No.
T. J. Islip, L. I.—No.
R. W. T. Tombstone.—No.
Y. Z., Pittsburg, Pa.—No.
W. J., Boston, Mass.—Yes.
W. J. C., Boston.—A wins.
M. J. S. Paterson, N. J.—No.
BARNER, Mannheim, Pa.—No.
M. W. T., Harlem, N. Y.—No.
G. D., Leavenworth, Kas.—No.
M. W. T., New York City.—No.
J. S. H., Portsmouth, N. H.—No.
INDEX, Scranton, Pa.—9 4-5 seconds.
M. H., Paterson, N. J.—Sixes are high.
T. J. W., Boston.—Stillman is 31 years of age.
ED. CHANDLER, Ste Genevieve, Mo.—10 rounds.
G. F., Denver, Col.—1. No. 2 Edward Hanlan.
M. W. J., Easton, Pa.—Duncan C. Ross is in Australia.
S., Oklahoma City.—We give no decisions under Hoyte.
J. B. C., Colorado Springs.—Send us the newspaper report.
W. C., Middletown, N. Y.—Lady Clark is by Clark's Mohawk.
A. D. C., St. Thomas.—Write to the War Department, Washington, D. C.
W. C. H., Portsmouth, N. H.—Tom Sayers and Jem Mace never fought.
M. S., Islip, L. I.—It is 3,228 miles from Washington, D. C., to Liverpool.

F. R. S., Chicago.—1. Thanks for your offer. 2. We cannot entertain the proposition.
D. S., Rochester, N. Y.—Bob Brettie, the English pugilist, was in this country. B. wins.

A. W., New Orleans.—1. Consult Dennis F. Butler at the Southern Athletic Club. 2. No.
ZERO, St. Paul.—1. No. 2 John L. Sullivan holds the POLICE GAZETTE champion belt. 3. No.

N. W., Annapolis, Md.—1. Pay directors in the United States Navy receive \$4,500 per year. 2. No.
T. D. C.—Railway, N. J.—1. John L. Sullivan was born in Boston. 2. He is thirty-one years of age.

CONSTANT READER, St. Louis.—If you remit with color and quantity you require we can supply you.
S. A., Harrisburg, Pa.—1. Cariboo did win a hurdle race at Monmouth Park, N. J. 2. On August 28, 1875.

R. J., Kansas City.—Jem Mace was champion of England when Tom King and John C. Heenan fought for \$10,000.
M. J., Boston, Mass.—Harry Maynard did hold the light-weight pugilistic championship of the Pacific Slope when he retired.
G. B., Ansonia, Conn.—The largest sum of money ever fought for is \$24,500 or \$25,500 between Benford and Cooper in South Africa.

W. S., Holyoke, Mass.—1. Mile La Salle stayed under water 3 minutes 15 seconds at the Standard Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 15, 1882. 2. No.
M. S. W., Harrisburg, Pa.—It is a question that can only be decided by an encounter in the prize ring. Frank P. Slavin did issue a challenge to fight any man in the world.

JONAS, Indianapolis, Ind.—1. No. 2 The largest run ever made at the old 4-ball game of billiards was 1,488, made by John McDewitt, Jan. 8, 1868, in a game of 1,500 points.
TULLY, N. Y. City.—1. St. Blake won the English Derby in 1882. 2. Rayon d'Or never won the Derby; he won the St. Leger in 1879. 3. Iorqueis won the Derby and the St. Leger in 1881.

M. W., Boston.—There are nine navy yards in this country: Brooklyn, Charlestown, Gosport, Kittery, Portsmouth, N. H.; Mare Island, San Francisco; New London, Pensacola and Washington.

MINNOW, Baltimore.—1. R. L. wins; four horses have carried 168 pounds and won the Grand National; Gaylad, Jerry, Lottory and Charity. At that time the race was not a handicap. 2. It was made a handicap in 1848.

T. G., Boston.—A Jones, New York and Pennsylvania furnished more soldiers during the Rebellion than Massachusetts and Illinois. New York furnished 445,559; Pennsylvania, 338,185; Massachusetts, 148,467; Illinois, 258,162.

M. J., Washington, D. C.—It is impossible to estimate how much money is wagered. In the betting on the Yale-Princeton foot ball game on Nov. 28th it is estimated that fully \$125,000 changed hands. One University of Pennsylvania man lost \$500.

D. R., San Francisco, Cal.—A wins; George Maddox was 60 years of age when he fought Tom Cribb. That paper was not correct. Maddox fought Richmond when he was 65 years of age. He fought 76 rounds in 3 hours 10 minutes, with Cribb, and 1 hour with Richmond.

T. J., Toledo, O.—The baseball championship of the League was won in 1876 by Chicago, in 1877 by Boston, in 1878 by Providence. Chicago won the pennant in 1880, '81, '82, Boston won it in 1883. Providence in 1884, Chicago in 1885 and 1886, in 1887 Detroit, 1888 and 1889 New York.

M. A. T., Chicago, Ill.—The longest train drawn by a single engine, 153 empty freight cars, one loaded eight wheeler, two cabooses and a dead engine up grade; train 6,200 feet long drawn by engine No. 4, Northern Central R. R. from Clark's Ferry to Sunbury, Pa., 81 miles, Oct. 17, 1878.

J. W., Hartford, Conn.—According to the rules of the Canadian Turf Association, a record can be made only in a public race, the horse to trot or pace a full mile according to rule, and the time must be taken by at least two timers selected for the purpose, and the record of their names as well as the time must be kept.

J. A., St. Paul.—If you want the best quality of boxing gloves you should remit to this office for the "Police Gazette" champion standard boxing gloves. They are far superior to any other. Nearly all the champion pugilists, both amateur and professional, and the athletic and boxing teachers now use the "Police Gazette" champion standard boxing gloves.

J. B., Kansas City.—1. No. 2 Tom Tring, in 1816, challenged any man in England to fight for £1,000, barring Tom Johnson. Tring stood 6 feet 1 inch in height and weighed 220 pounds. Tring was beaten by Big Ben; they fought until both were nearly blind. Tring's eyes shut out the daylight first, and Big Ben won in 18 minutes. Tring never recovered from the punishment he received.

M. J., Philadelphia.—1. Bob Smith the black, a native of Washington, beat Harry Allen twice, Harry Burgess and Tom Allen in England. 2. His battle with Tom Allen lasted through 50 rounds, fought in 2 hours 40 minutes. He defeated Harry Allen the first time in 40 rounds, no time being taken, owing to a free fight. The second time he beat Harry Allen, the battle lasted 20 rounds, 2 hours 18 minutes.

SCIPIO, Pittsburg, Pa.—Tom Cribb when he was champion fought Tom Molineux the black and Bill Richmond the black, both American pugilists; he fought Molineux the first time for 300 guineas, equivalent to £215 or \$1,575, and defeated him in 23 rounds, lasting 55 minutes; he fought Molineux the second time for £600 or \$3,000, and won in 11 rounds, lasting 20 minutes. Cribb prior to meeting Molineux, fought Bill Richmond the black, who had fought 13 times in the ring, and defeated him in 1 hour and 30 minutes.

R. D., Baltimore.—The coat of arms on the cup presented to Tom Cribb after his second defeat of Tom Molineux the black, was as follows: The crest; the Bristol Arms. In the first quarter the British lion is looking with stern visage on the American flag at half mast. In the fourth quarter the eagle, symbolic of America, is hiding its head under its folds (alluding to Molineux's defeat). In the second quarter Cribb and Molineux are sparring, and in the third quarter Cribb in a coal barge (illustrative of his trade). The supporters represent the champion looking with an eye of commiseration on his vanquished opponent.

R. W., Tombstone, Arizona.—1. Yes. 2. Captain A. H. Bogardus, at New York City, December 20, 1879, shot at 5,854 glass balls and broke 5,500. He used two sets of barrels, two traps, 15 yards rise, loaded his own gun and changed barrels about 54 times. The shooting lasted 7 hours 19 minutes 3 seconds. Dr. F. W. Carver, at Brooklyn, N. Y., on July 13, 1878, shot at 4,232 glass balls; broke 4,500 in 7 hours 30 minutes 30 seconds, using Winchester repeating rifles, with assistants loading. At New Haven, Conn., January 12-17, 1885, Dr. F. W. Carver shot at 64,081 missiles—pieces of coal and wood—using five rifles, loaded by four assistants, who also tossed up the missiles, and hit 60,016.

A. B. C., Jersey City.—Louis Cyr, the Canadian Samson, has put up a 225-pound dumbbell, raising it from the floor to shoulder with both hands and then from shoulder to arm's length above shoulder with one hand. He accomplished the feat at Montreal, March 28, 1886. Cyr also lifted with his back, arms and legs a platform with twenty men sitting on, equivalent to 3,000 pounds, March 29, 1886. He also lifted a plank loaded with 2,500 pounds of pig iron with his arms, back and legs, and raised it clear of the high trestles. He also put up a dumbbell weighing 245 pounds at Berthierville, Canada, Oct. 1, 1888, and on the same day lifted a plank on which was 3,336 pounds of pig iron, using back, arms and legs.

THE SMITH-SLAVIN FIGHT.

The following letter was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office from George W. Atkinson in regard to the great prize fight between Frank P. Slavin, of Australia, champion of New South Wales, and Jem Smith, the champion of England, who are to fight according to the rules of the London prize ring for £200 and the championship of England during the current month:

LONDON, December 1, 1889.

Since the authorities have put a stop to glove fights in the metropolis, the interest of those who follow the prize ring is centered in the coming prize fight between Jem Smith, the champion of England, and Frank P. Slavin, the heavy-weight champion of Australia, who are to fight two weeks before Christmas for £200 and the championship of England. The battle will be governed by London prize ring rules, and no gloves will be in demand. Smith's backers are eager to increase the stakes to £1,000, but the Australian party have not yet agreed to the proposition, although it is expected they will do so. Slavin has been training for the past few weeks at Margate, and advice from the coast state that the Australian is training faithfully and doing more than the usual quota of work. Jemmy Howe is again training Smith, who does not require as much training as Slavin. Howe will be the master this time and make Smith follow his programme instead of allowing him to train after his own ideas as he did for several glove fights with Peter Jackson. There have been several bets already made on the result of the proposed encounter, but there is nothing like the speculation that there will be when the Smith-Slavin fight, Charley White (the "Duke's Motto"), Arthur Cooper, etc., commence backing Smith. Many good judges believe there is another surprise in store for Smith, and believe the Australian is more than the champion's match. It must be allowed that in point of elegance of attitude and scientific precision Slavin is Smith's superior. He is a hard hitter, and his blows are given with the rapidity of lightning. Slavin puts them in with his left hand straight, and he can use both hands with equal facility. The Australian's excellence in stop ping is so truly admirable that he appears perfectly aware of the intention of his adversary. No pugilist gives the return or counter blow with greater celerity than the Australian, and judging by his performances since he has been in England his one, two, are in general so well applied as to do considerable execution. Judging from the excitement already evinced over the Slavin and Smith match, there will be heavy speculation, and the battle will either prove that the Australian is a wonder or that Smith is not the pugilist his many followers believe. Slavin intends to sail for the United States after his battle with Smith, and it is the Australian's intention to challenge Sullivan, the American champion, to contend for the "Police Gazette" champion belt and championship of the world.

ATKINSON.

The London Sportsman of a recent date published the following:

"The next big event in the pugilistic programme is the match, under London prize ring rules, between Jem Smith and the Australian, Frank Slavin, for £1,000 and the championship. A meeting was held yesterday to settle several important matters in connection with the fight. Mr. John Fleming (Smith's manager), Mr. John Lewis (Slavin's manager), Smith and Slavin taking part in the discussion.

"The affair was of an entirely private nature, but we may mention that it was, amongst other things, agreed that the money be increased to £200 a side, and a representative of Slavin will meet Mr. J. Fleming at the stakeholder's to put up the second deposit. A noticeable feature was the amicable and business-like character of the proceedings, and these over Mr. Farnon Davies and Mr. Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, of New York, joined the party, which subsequently broke up with the best of good feeling prevailing, the unanimous wish being for a fair field and no favor."

THE POLICE GAZETTE'S WORLD'S FAIR REGATTA.

The New York Daily News on Dec. 3 published the following: "Mr. and Mrs. Richard K. Fox arrived safely from Europe on the Eurasia to-day, after a six months' tour. In regard to the World's Fair Regatta here in 1892, Mr. Fox said that he will offer to the contestants a larger sum than has ever been offered, either in this country or in England or Australia. It is also settled that POLICE GAZETTE World's Fair Medals will be given to the victorious oarsmen in each of the races, independent of the big money prizes. The races will comprise, probably: A single-oar race, three miles with a turn, open to all oarsmen in the world. A single-oar race, open only to oarsmen who have never held the championship. A pair-oar race for the championship of the world, open to all comers. International four-oar race, open only to collegiate crews. International four-oar race, open to all professional crews in the world. It will be seen by the above programme that with the trophies and the large amount of prize money that will be offered, the POLICE GAZETTE World's Fair International Regatta of 1892 should eclipse anything in the aquatic world ever held in this or any other country. Mr. Fox also proposes to hold champion World's Fair boxing tournaments (open to the world), for which valuable champion trophies will be offered.

A BREEZY LETTER FROM JOE MCAULIFFE.

A letter was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office December 5 by Billy Madden from Joe McAuliffe, the heavy-weight champion of the Pacific Coast, in which the latter says: "I am willing to meet any pugilist living, and bar no color. I should prefer to arrange matches with John L. Sullivan, Jake Kilrain or Peter Jackson. I am certain I can defeat Jackson, and always will be so until I get another chance at him. I had \$5,000 to fight Jackson before he left the Pacific Slope, but he refused to arrange a match. The California Athletic Club will give no purse for me to meet any pugilist but Jake Kilrain, and I am afraid Kilrain will not come out here to fight. Pat Kilien's challenge is all a bluff. If he means business and will post a forfeit, I will arrange a match and bet him \$5,000 to \$4,000. There is no money here, and I shall go on the road under your management, and meet all comers in ten or twelve rounds, glove contests, and bar no one."

JOE MCAULIFFE.

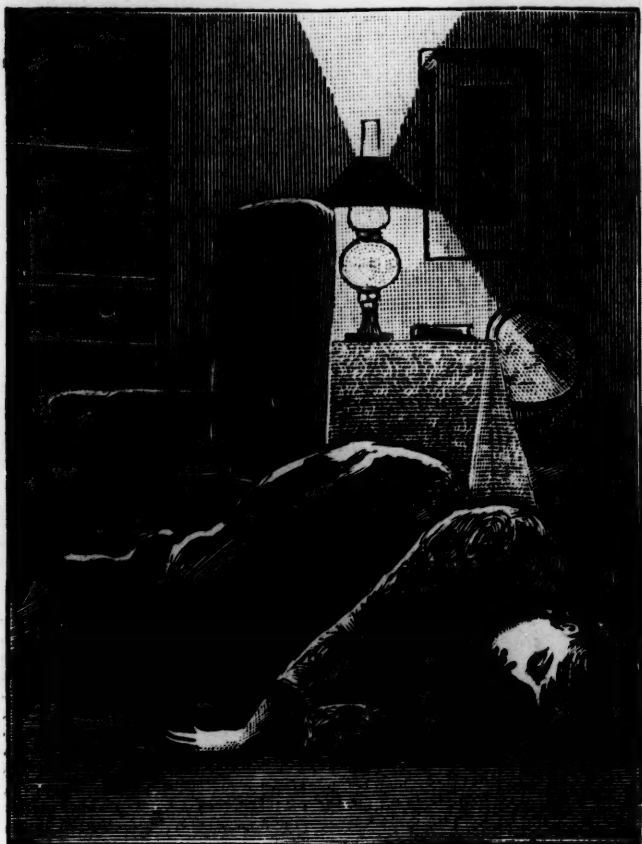
AN ARKANSAS MAN CHALLENGES SULLIVAN.

The following special was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office:

ST. JOH, ARKANSAS, Dec. 3, 1889.

J. B. Gallager, the Arkansas giant, who stands over six feet in height and weighs 210 pounds untrained, has authorized James Trainer of this city to match him against John L. Sullivan for either a limited number of rounds or London rules, for a battle for the POLICE GAZETTE Champion Belt. Trainer has sent a challenge to the POLICE GAZETTE in regard to the proposed match. Gallager is a boxer who has made quite a reputation here, and if Sullivan decided to visit this city to meet him, the contest would attract thousands.

The POLICE GAZETTE boxing gloves. All professional and amateur boxers recommend them. Send for price list to Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square, New York.



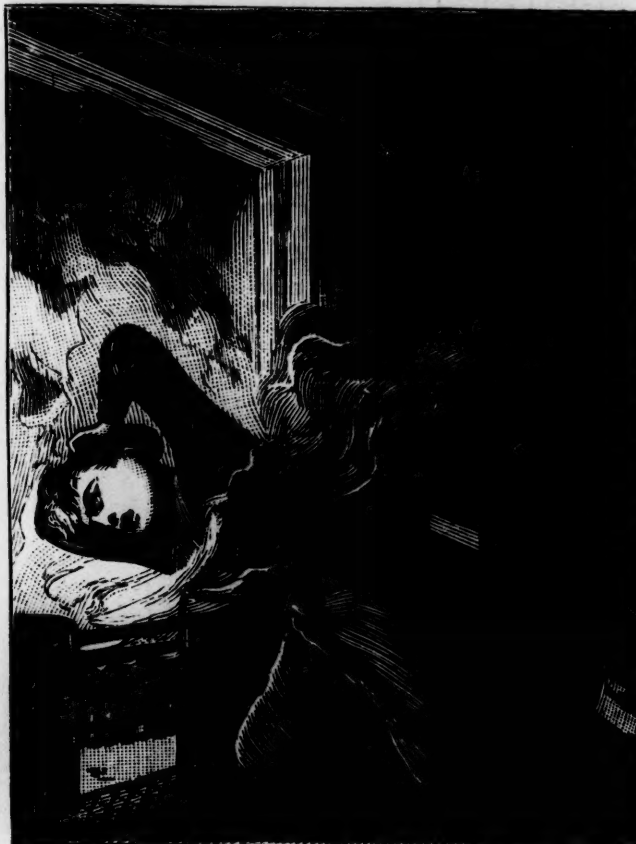
SUICIDED FOR LOVE.

MISS CLEO NELSON, OF CINCINNATI, O., BUT FORMERLY OF LOUISVILLE, KY., SHOTS HERSELF WHILE DESPONDENT.



TO SAVE THEIR LOVERS.

HATTIE SANG AND MINNIE SNYDER, OF WOOSTER, O., ATTEMPT TO DESTROY THE EVIDENCE AGAINST THEIR BEAUX.



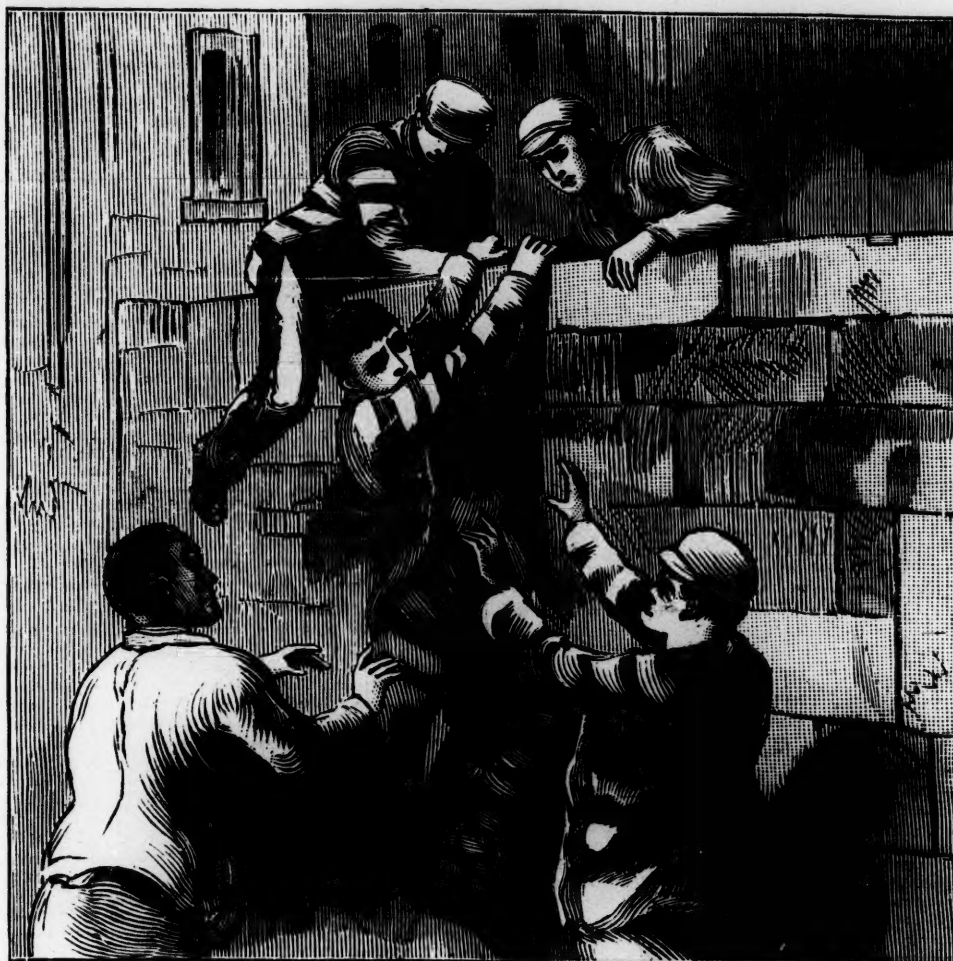
A HORRIBLE DEATH.

MISS MARIETTE ANDREWS, OF MARSHALL, TEXAS, FALLS UPON A GRATE WHILE IN A FAINT AND IS BURNED TO DEATH.



THEY SHOT FOR KEEPS.

SILVER CLIFF, COLORADO, MINERS SETTLE A LITTLE DIFFERENCE WITH GUNPOWDER AND SHOOTING IRONS WITH SERIOUS RESULTS.



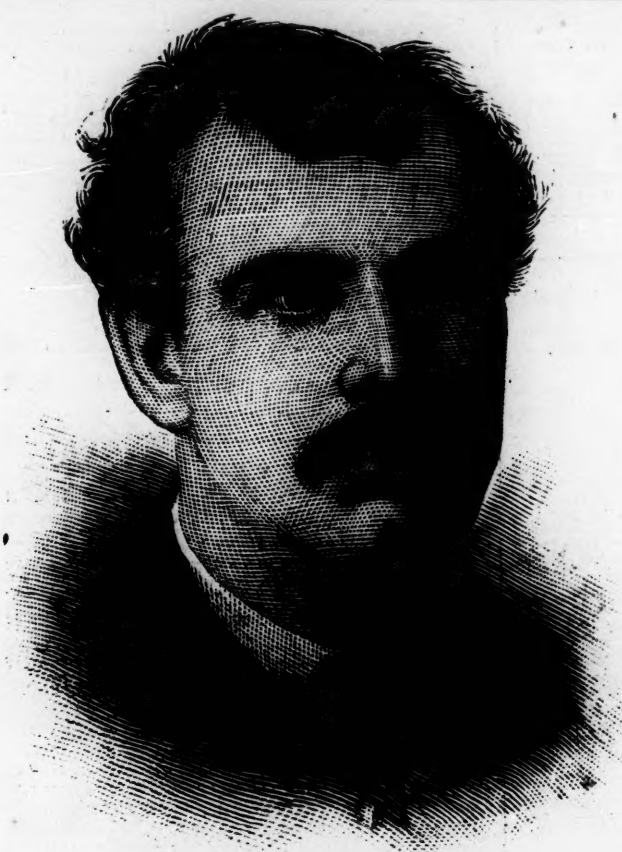
JAIL-BIRDS FLY THE COOP.

FIVE CONVICTS THINK THAT THE OUTSIDE WORLD IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR THEM AND THEY SCOOT FROM THE LITTLE ROCK, ARK., JAIL.



A YOUNG LAWYER'S SUICIDE.

FRANK M'ARTHUR, A WELL-KNOWN AND POPULAR NEW YORKER, THROWS HIMSELF FROM A FAST TRAIN AND IS KILLED.



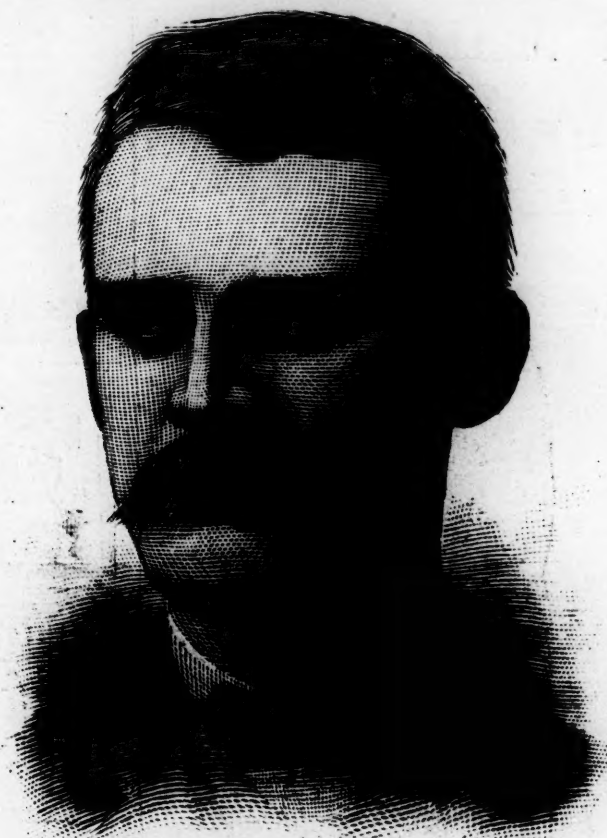
A WELL-KNOWN RUNNER.

A. D. HART, OF WATERLOO, IA., WHOSE LEGS MOVE LIKE PISTON-RODS WHEN HE IS ENDEAVORING TO GET THERE.



AN OWNER OF MANY FLYERS.

HON. WILLIAM L. SCOTT, MEMBER OF CONGRESS, AND PATRON OF THE TROTTING TRACK AND RACE COURSE.



A SKILLFUL BICYCLIST.

A. J. HENLEY, OF KANSAS, WHO CAN MAKE GOOD TIME ON THE TWO-WHEELED STEED.



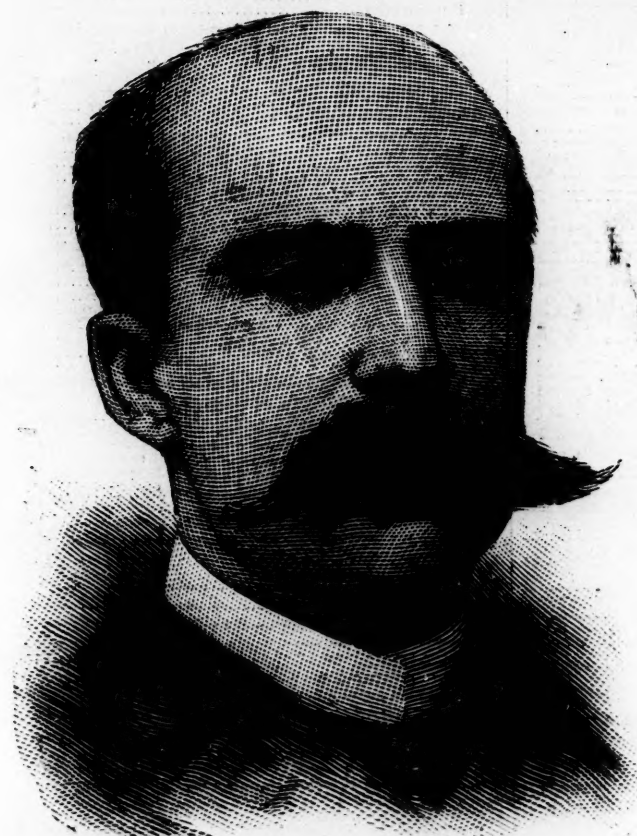
HANDY WITH THE OARS.

J. N. J. BROWN, CHAMPION BOWER OF CLINTON, BRITISH COLUMBIA, WHO IS ANXIOUS TO MEET CHAMPION HENRY E. SEARLE OR ANYBODY ELSE.



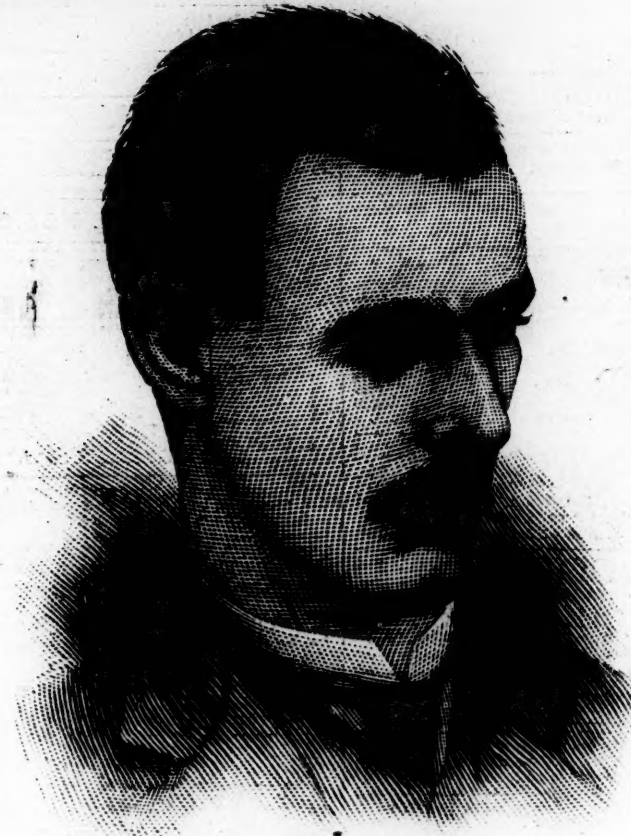
A NOTED SPRINTER.

"TOMMY" LANE, A NIMBLE-FOOTED RUNNER, WHO IS CHAMPION OF WELLSVILLE, MO., AND CAN HOLD HIS OWN.



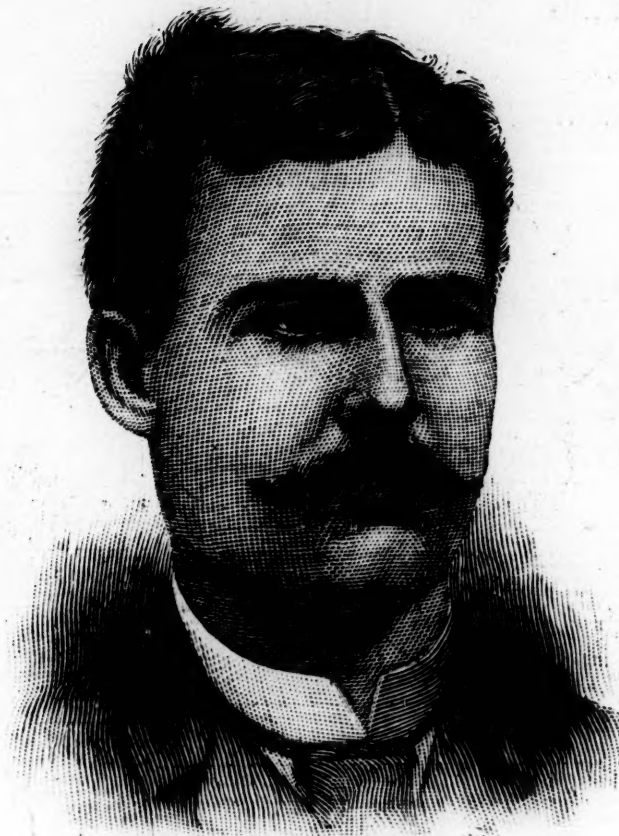
A CLEVER TIPPLE-MIXER.

COL. EDWARD J. TREMBLY, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y., WHO HAS TICKLED THE PALATES OF MANY NOTED MEN.



HE IS A HARD HITTER.

JOHN TIERNAN, THE WELL-KNOWN AMATEUR BOXER WHO GATHERED IN THE "POLICE GAZETTE" MEDAL.



A POPULAR BONIFACE.

"JACK" JAMESON, OF DETROIT, MICH., WHO IS PROPRIETOR OF A NOTED SPORTING RESORT IN THAT TOWN.

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\$75 PER MONTH SALARY
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Wanted shrewd men to set under instructions in Secret Service work. Representatives receive the International Detective, Grannan's Warning Against Fraud, Grannan's Pocket Gallery of Noted Criminals. Those interested in detective business, or desiring to be detectives, send stamp for particulars. Employment for all. **GRANNAN DETECTIVE BUREAU CO.** Arcade, Cincinnati, O.

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\$60 SALARY \$40 EXPENSES IN ADVANCE

also paid each month. Steady employment at home or traveling. No soliciting. Duties delivering and making collections. No Postal Cards. Address, with stamp, **HAFFER & CO., Piquette, O.**

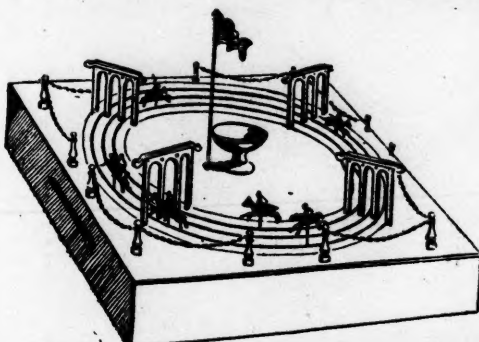
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R—Erythroxylon coca, 14 drachm.
Jerubeban, 14 drachm.
Gelsemium, 8 grains.
Ext. iunctive amarum (alcoholic), 2 grains.
Ext. leptandra, 3 scruples.
Glycerin, q. s.

Make 60 pills. Take one pill at 2 p. m., and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness, in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restoration are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nerveless condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

As we are constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry relative to this remedy, we would say to those who prefer to obtain it from us, by remitting \$1.00, we will send you a sealed package containing 60 pills, carefully compounded, will be sent by return mail from our private laboratory, or we will furnish 6 packages, which will cure most cases, for \$5.

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